



— 3. — 462 Glapthorne (Henry) Hollander, a Comed-
at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane

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THE HOLLANDER.

A Comedy written 1635.

The Author
HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

And now Printed as it was then Acted
at the Cock-pit in *Drury lane*, by
their Majesties Servants,
with good allowance.

And at the Court before both their
Majesties.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *I. Okes*, for *A. Wilson*, and
are to be sold at her shop at *Grayes-
Inne Gate in Holborne*. 1640.



The Persons in the Play.

X9
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46

Artlesse, a Doctor of Physicke.

Vrinal, his man.

Mixum, his Apothecary.

Freewit, a yong Gentleman, and a Sutor to
the Lady *Know-worth*.

Sir *Martin Yellow*, a jealous Knight.

Popingay, his Nephew.

Fortresse, a Knight of the Twibill.

Sconce, a Gallant naturaliz'd Dutchman.

Captayne Picke.

Lady *Yellow*.

Mistrisse *Know-worth*, her sister.

Mistresse *Mixum*.

Dalineia, the Doctors daughter.

Lovering, a Chamber-maid disguised.

The Scene London.

The



To the great hope of grow-
ing noblenesse, my Honourable
friend, *Sir Thomas Fisher*,
Knight, &c.

Sir,

THe knowledg of your stil
increasing *virtue* has be-
got in all men love, in me
admiration, and desires to
serve it: as cunning Pain-
ters expresse more significant Art in
modell, then extended figures; I have
made election of this little of-spring
of my braine, to show you the largest
skill of my many indearments to you;
and as an Ambassadour from the rest
of my faculties, to informe you how
much devotion the whole province

The Epistle.

of my Soule payes to your worth and goodnes. Had I bin endow'd with such blessings (noble young man) I should have presented you a wel mand *Hawke*, or an excellent *Courser*, gifts (because more agreeable to your Disposition) more fit to have bin tendred you: But *I* am confident you know that a Booke (as it is my best inheritance) is the most magnificent sacrifice my zeale can offer: this Play therefore accept, best Sir, from him who is nothing more ambitious then of the title of your

true servant and
honourer,

Hen: Glapthorne.

The



The Hollander.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Doctor and his Wife.

Doctor.

How doe these new Guests like us ?

Mrs. Very well :

That fortnight they've beene here, I have observ'd
From them not the least relish of distaste ;

The Lady and her sister are so good
Themselves, their innocence cannot mistrust

Ill in another, specially in us,
Who doe assume that formall gravity
Might dash prying eyes : But is the sister
Cur'd of her Ague perfectly ?

Doct. The Spring
Does not produce an Ague but for Physicke,

She's

The Hollander.

She's cur'd, and onely does expect her sister,
The Lady *Yellow*, otherwise I feare
We should not have her company.

Mrs. Green-Sicknesse take her,
I thought it had beene that, and then my Art
Would have beene requisite. I should have found
Some lusty youth that would have given her physicke,
More powerfull to expell that lasie humour
Than all your Cordialls : Heaven, I can but thinke
How in this seven yeares, since we came to towne,
The Tide is turnd with us : when thou wert an Inne-
Keeping Apothecary in the Country,
The furniture of our shop was Gally-pots,
Fild with Conserve of Roses, empty Boxes,
And *Aqua vite* glassees : and now thou art
My most admir'd Doctor, walk'st in Sattin,
And in plush, my heart.

Doct. Applaud my wit that has effected it.

Mrs. You will grant I hope
An equall share to me ? Was it not I
That first advis'd you to set up a Schoole
For Female vaulters, and within pretence
Of giving Physicke, give them an over-plus
To their disease. How much this has conduc'd
To our advancement, forgetfulnesse it selfe
Cannot deny.

Doct. Nor will I, my deare associate, I have now
Atchiev'd a wealth sufficient to procure
My selfe a license, though the murmuring Doctors
That doe not bite-backe it, though they watch
All opportunities that may undoe
My estimation : we must therefore arme
Our selves with circumspective care : be sure
Those vertuous gentlewomen, who are now
Domesticke guests, have no cause to suspect
A misdemeanour here, nor that our daughter,

A Vir-

The Hollander.

A virgine could as morning ayre or Ice,
So timorous of society, that shee seemes
Neglectfull of mankind, be expos'd to every common eye,
Frequents our house, we must be politicke, wise, or our state,
Will soone embrace a ruine.

Enter Urinall.

Urin. Are you the Doctor *Artlesse* pray sir?

Doct. My name is *Artlesse*.

Urin. Sir, I am sent from Mr. *Mixum*, your Apothecary, to
give attendance on you.

Doct. Your name is *Urinall*, I take it?

Urin. you take my name by the right end sir, my father was a
brother of master *Mixum's* function: marry my mother told me
a Doctor got me, for professions sake I hope you'l use me kindly.

Doct. Doubt not good *Urinall*, if thou beest not crack'd, canst
thou hold water.

Mist. Well, that is, bee secret, insooth husband; the young
man will be very good at a dead list, to serve our patients turnes,
he has a promising countenance.

Urin. A good subsidy face mistris, but master *Mixum* has cer-
tified me, that hither come Ladies and gentlewomen, City
wives and country wives, and the better sort of saylors wives:
Nay wives of all sorts, but Oyster wives, some to have the fal-
ling sicknesse cur'd, others the inflammation of the blood, the
Consumption of the body and lungs; if I doe not to any man or
woman administer a glister, vomit, potion, *Inlip*, *Cordiall*, or
what physicke your worship shall thinke fit, with dexterity, say
I am no sound *Urinall*, and beat me to pieces.

Doct. I believe thee, but did *Tom Mixum* give you nought in
charge to say to me?

Urin. O yes sir, hee bad mee tell you hee had a fat Goose in the
pens, only for your pulling: a yunker of a thousand pound *per*
annum.

Doct. Sayst so, what is he, knowest thou?

Urin. I saw him sir, he was a proper man: but I thinke has
not much more wit then my selfe, he seemes of a good eane dis-
position, and may I believe, be led by the nose as quietly as the
tamest Beare in the garden: he has not wit enough to be a knave,

The Hollander.

nor manhood enough to be an honest man: this is my opinion of him sir, when you see him you'l understand him better.

Enter Poppingaie, Sir Martine Yellow as his man.

Pop. With licences, is not this house a receiptacle
For sinners?

Doe. Now you are in't perhaps it is, what meane you?

Pop. Pish, seeme not to obscure, is it not in plaine termes, a
house of ease.

Doe. There is one in the garden sir.

Pop. Where one may do his businesse without fear of Marshall,
Constable, or any one of that most awfull tribe.

Vrin. Surely this gentleman comes to take a purge, hee talkes
so cleanly.

Pop. Shall I have answer sir? I come as hot from sea, as a
Hollander from herring fishing, I have an appetite,
The most insatiate citizen who frequents
Your mansion cannot tame; had shee beene fed
With amber possets, eaten sparrowes egges, or her accustom'd
Beverdy, been the juice of Clare or Sparagus.

Doe. What abuse may this be?
Perhaps your most officious pander monsieur
That for a shilling will betray his sister
To prostitution, did mistake, begone, or I shall
Fetch a gentleman will whip your hot blood out of you.

Vrin. Shall I runne for the Bead les mistris?

Mist. No goe to the next Justice for a warrant, and make haste,
be sure Ile have the knave smock'd for abusing my house.

Pop. This must not fright me, doe you not keepe a pimping
Roaring varlet, noted as much as pig, have you not constant
She souldiers in your citadell, none such,
Had Hollands Leager, Lambeth Marsh is held
A Nunry to your Colledge.

Vrin. And the three Squirrels in the towne, I warrant a very
Sanctuary to it.

Pop. Come here's gold, be not so bashful, Mistris pray receive it,
I know you are open handed.

Mist.

The Hollander.

Mist. Art. Now I defie thee for a Rascall: *Vrinall* why run you not to the Justice, his man would have taken your money ere this time.

Pop. Yet least I should mistake you, though I am by all Truth confident this is the house: pray resolve me; Has the Lady *Yellow* a chamber here?

Vrin. Yes sir, she lies in the yellow chamber, and has done this two months.

Pop. I did believe it.

Vrin. Nay you may believe mee if you will: I know neither Lady *Yellow*, nor yellow chamber, I have not beene here above halfe an houre.

Doct. Tom Mixum, sure sent this fellow hither, he's so unmannerly, silence *Vrinall*, what if that Lady have a chamber here sir?

Sir Mart. Now he comes to the purpose.

Pop. Nay speake directly suppositions: include a doubtfull sence, if she have not, I shall repent the error of my language and crave your mercy.

Doct. Impudence I thinke, beyond my own rests in this youth, I must finde out his meaning; tis perchance some one Sent from her jealous husband, whom she told me, In discontent was travel'd, prithee wife goe in, and tell the Lady *Yellow*, here is one wishes the knowledge of her.

Mrs. Art. Hang him young whifling, he know a Lady, pity of his life first.

Doct. Doe as I bid you: *Vrinall* attend your mistris in.

Vrin. Yes, I will attend her in and in too, to do her any serviee.

Exeunt Vrinall, and Mistris.

Doct. Sir, the uncivill language you have given me, Might justly stirre a passionate man to rage; But it no more stirs me then the light wind, If you've relation to the Lady *Yellow*: She's one whose vertues merit that respect, Twould be a stain to manners not to use the meanest of her Friends with due regard: pray sir what is she to you?

Pop. As any woman else is for my money, onely I must confesse, I have an itch, a tickling thought to her before the rest of common prostitutes: I know she'll lodge in none but vicious

The Hollander.

houses, which inforces me thinke yours is so.

Doct. Tis a misconceit, I'me sorry for her sake (whom I esteem
So chaste, the pure untainted Doves may envy
Her unstain'd whitenesse) should be cast upon
My innocent house, expect Ile send her to you, shee'l shape you a
Just answer, would she were as they suspect her. *Ex. Doct.*

Sir Mar. This Doctor is dishonest, speakes untruth,
My jealousie is just, that any man
Should so undoe his reason; in beliefe
Of womens goodnesse, as on their loose soules,
To venture his creation; nay transforme
His essence by them: for a cuckold is
Na ures huge prodigy, the very abstract
Of all, that is wonderfull: contempt and shame, are accidents as
Proper to his brow, as haire and whitenesse.

Enter Lady Yellow.

Pop. Is this she sir? *Ugh, она та же.*

Sir Mar. I nephew that's the monster.

Pop. If *Africke* did produce no other monsters, there would
Be more cuckold in it then Lyons, but to my businesse,
Madam the old tradition of this house invites your
Knowledge to conceive for what I sent to speake with you.

Lady. As yet indeed it does not.

Pop. Truly it does, I hope I shall obtaine
The virgine glories of this daies encounter,
Come shalls kisse, and then retire into your chamber.

Lady. My chamber, sure your manners lies in your berd, what
doe you take me for?

Pop. An excellent creature; one whose meanest smile
Would tempt a votary earnest at his prayers,
Before the image of his tutelar Saint; to vary his
Fix'd brow: yet I must tell you, you are a factresse of the
Divells, one who sell damnation pleasingly as Asps
Infuse their itching venom: a standing poole,
On whose salt wombe the too lascivious sun
Begets of Frogs and Toads a numerous off-spring,
Compar'd with you is empty of corruption.

Lady.

Lady. Ist so, have at him, a strange complement to win a Lady,
Sir by your first discourse I had imagin'd
You came to spend part of this cheerefull morne
In amorous dalliance with me, I am apt
For entertainement of it, as a bride
Long time contracted to some exquisite man
Is on her wedding night, but your quicke change,
(Did not my glasse assure me) no great blemish
Dwels in my cheekes, would urge me to mistrust
An imperfection in them : they are my owne sir,
I doe not weare (though its common among Ladies)
My face ith' day-time only, and at night
Put off the painted visor, this haire beleive it,
Was never shop-ware, you may venture on me, let but your
Creature keepe the doore, my chamber is empty for you.

Sir. Mar. Impudent strumpet.

Pop. Can you be a woman, & utter this, the hot desire of quailles,
To yours is modest appetite, you carry
A stone about you, not to warme your blood
Oppress'd with chilly cold, but to enflame it
Beyond all sensuall heat, which you would extinguish,
(Had you a soule about you) with your teares,
Or weepe with the continuance that tall Pines
Diffuse their gummy drops in summer, and
Faster then trembling Isicles, or snow, at their own dissolution.

Lady. This is stranger yet sir, I see you come to convert mee
Prompted with a zeale would choake ten precisians earnest in
Their hot house of convention, alas poore youth : thy want
Of practice in the sweet delights of love,
Undoes thy judgement, can there be a joy
Equall to this to have a sprightfull Lady,
Whose every lineament speakes captivi y
To the beholder, claspe with the same strictnesse
That curling billows doe embrace a wracke,
Her lovers necke, kisse close and soft, as mosse
Does some oregrowne Oake ; but I see tis vaine,
To prate to thee whose ignorance may plead
Excuse for thy fond heresie ; goe depart,

The Hollander.

Turne Eunuch and reserve thy voyce, perhaps twill purchase thee
A petty Cannons place in some blinde chantry.

Enter Doctor and Dalinea.

Doct. Ile cut off their discourse, if th e be right ile have my
benefit out of her : *Dalinea* attend her Ladyship, Madam I feare
you take cold here, your Sister, Mistris *Know-worth* expects you
too within ; Gentlewoman you cannot complaine you have been
us'd uncivilly ; pray now depart, tis time.

Lady. They may returne to the wise man my husband, from
whom I'm sure they come, and tell him my disposition, ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt Lady, and Dalinea.

Sir Mart. Flames rise on flames successively, the spheare
Has no such fire as I doe harbour here.

Pop. What divine creature should the other be, well master
Doctor, we shall be even with you. *Exc. Sir Mart. Pop.*

Doct. I, doe your pleasure sir, the small Riveret
Does in its cold waves, seeme to drench the sun
(When likes a riotous drunkard) his hot rayes
Suckles up the pearly waters, if this Lady
Weare in her brest, the burning spots of lust,
They shall encrease, and like the Starres, light her soule
To th' firmament of pleasure. The businesse sirrha?

Enter Vrinall and Sconce.

Vrin. The businesse sirrha, he's gotten into th' Lordly phrase
Already, Sir the gentleman I speake off?

Doct. Is this he? would you have ought with me sir?

Scon. *Amon Deni*, this is the Doctor : *Fontra* I would faine
speake to him, Sir I should bee happy to initiate my knowledge
in your acquaintance Master *Mixum* an Apothecary, at whose
shop I use to eate Eringo Roots, did recommend me to you.

Doct. Honest *Tom Mixum*, you are welcome; what's your de-
signe with me?

Scon. Fame does divulge you to be a man experienc'd in the
Arts.

Vrin. Of coufenage and lying excellently.

Scon. Which does concerne our bodily health.

Doct.

The Hollander.

Doct. And you perhaps labor of some disease,
And come to seeke for remedy, I can
As Gallen or *Hipocrates*, read a lecture,
On maladies, their causes and effects,
Tell by the countenance of a man, the ill oppresses him,
You by that *Linea curva* ith' altitude of your horoscope,
Should be subject to *Calentures*.

Scon. Neen up mine scale min here : ick neet, infection vanish
I never was subject to disease, but the gentile itch which I obtained in the Low Countries.

Vrin. Twas in hot service certainly.

Doct. With licence sir, let me desire your character, I long to know you, Symptomes of worth declare you in my opinion noble.

Scon. I shall explaine my selfe by land shape a far off, my father was a Dutch man.

Vrin. Which makes him looke so like a smoak'd westphalia ham, or dry Dutch pudding.

Scon. And one in the conspiracy with *Barnevet*, at whose hanging he fled ore hither.

Vrin. And the gentle noose had knit up him, and a hundred of his country men, your land would not be pestred so with butter-boxes.

Scon. Thinking to have purchas'd a monopoly for Tobacco : but that the Vintners tooke in snuffe, and inform'd the gallants, who had like to smoak'd him for't.

Doct. An admirable project.

Scon. Afterwards he undertooke to have drayn'd the Fens, and there was drown'd, and at the ducking time at Crowland drawne up in a net for a widgin.

Doct. Pray sir what tribe was he of ?

Scon. He was no Jew Sir, yet he would take pawnes, and their forfeits too, and has left me such as you see, I am a proper man : a trifling patrimony, a thousand pounds per annum.

Vrin. I admire no man begs him for a foole, and gets it from him.

Doct. May I request your name ?

Sco. My name is *Sconce* sir, Master *Jeremy Sconce*, I am a gentleman of a good family, and can derive my pedigree from

Duke

The Hollander.

Duke Alvas time, my ancestors kept the inquisition out of *Amsterdam*.

Vrin. And brought all Sects in thither.

Scon. And tooke their surname from Kickin pot, the strongest Sconce in the *Netherlands*.

Vrin. An excellent derivation for a Dutch-man, Kickin-pot.

Scon. I had a good strong cozen taken in by th' enemy, last summer, Skinks Sconce Mr. Doctor, my cozen german once remov'd by a stratagem of hay boats a fire on them.

Doct. That should have beene before they came there Master *Sconce*.

Scon. But tis thought our nation had recover'd it ere this, but that the villanous Dunkerkers at sea met with the Herrinbusses and made stocke-fish of them.

Vrin. They beat them soundly then it seemes.

Doct. Have you no brothers Mr. *Sconce*?

Scon. Not any that I know of, as I am gentleman, nor was there any of my name till of late, that gallants have begot me namesakes in every Taverne.

Doct. But the businesse you have with me is unrelated yet, and I have haste, pray what may it concerne?

Scon. A household matter Mr. Doctor; I would be loath to be accounted troublesome, I should be none of your vulgar guests though; *Mixum* has inform'd me you have faire lodgings in your house, convenient for ease and pleasure, might I be so much engag'd to your goodnesse, as to affoord me a handsome one for my mony, it should be an endearment conspicuously trenching upon my gratitude, and render me your oblig'd servant everlastingly.

Vrin. As long as his money lasts, that is.

Doct. If that be all, for *Tom Mixums* sake, were chambers scarcer, you should not be denied. *Vrinall* bring the gentleman into the dining roome, Ile goe acquaint my wife with it.

Scon. *Vrinall*, art thou stil'd *Vrinall*?

Exit Doct.

Vrin. It is my right and title to be term'd so.

Scon. Come hither my sweet Rascall, canst keepe counsell, there's gold for thee, thou shalt have a new case firrtha, wilt thou be true to me?

Vrin. I will steale nothing from you Mr. *Sconce*.

Scon.

The Hollander.

Scon. Thou lookst not like a man of theft, I mean in a designe.

Vrin. Tis not to convey gold over, in hollow anchors, to pay your Countermen souldiers ; if it be, Ile heare no more of it.

Scon. Pish, not that neither. *Mixum* thou knowst him, dost not ?

Vrin. Twas he preferd me hither.

Scon. I did imagin't ; my fine *Vrinall* reports thy Mr. to have the rarest salve.

Vrin. The weapon salve I warrant.

Scon. Which would , if I were desperately hurt , cure mee without a Surgeons helpe.

Vrin. So I have heard indeed.

Scon. Now *Vrinall*, it is our Countrie Custome onely to Stick or Snee. But couldst thou but procure this pretious salve , I would confront the glistering Steele, out-face the sharpest weapon.

Vrin. My Master is very cautious in parting with it.

Enter Freewit.

Free. Save you gentlemen, belong you to this house ?

Vrin. No sir, this house belongs to us.

Free. Mistris *Know-worth*, the Lady *Yellowes* sister, she is not stirring ?

Vrin. Tis a lye sir, she is.

Free. Your wit is very scurvy Sir : if you serve a Creature here to carry messages ; pray deliver one to her.

Vrin. I may chuse whether I will or no though.

Scon. Nay, and he shall chuse sir.

Free. Prethee good friend let him ; ile doe't my selfe.

Vrin. Nay, that you shall not neither : what stand I here for ? But sir, 'tis not the fashion of this liberall age, to imploy a man of merit in a message without consideration: your Lawyers Clark will not acquaint his Master with a Clyents cause , untill his fist be soundly greas'd : Why may not I then use the priviledge of my office ? Sir, wee Doctors men take *aurum palpabile* for Restorative : you are not unfurnished sir.

Free. O thou wouldst have money ; there's for thee, prethee Intreat her presence.

Vrin. Instantly, instantly , noble sir. Mr. *Sconce* pray bear this
C
worth

The Hollander.

worthy gentleman company.

Exit Vrinall.

Free. Why should she lodge here? all similitude
Explains this house for vicious, and this Doctor
For an impostor: Though she have bin sicke,
She might have found to remedy her disease,
Another, and more fam'd Physitian
Than this: She stayes perhaps to beare
Her sister company. Whatsoere's the cause,
Who dare deprave her innocence, or cast
A thought of blemish on her vertues? Light
Diffus'd through aire (although some thicke-brow'd fogge,
Or sickly vapour doe invade ayres sweetnesse)
Suffers no loath'd corruption. Thornes may gore
With envious pricking, the discoloured leaves
Of the chaste wood-binde, but can never blast
Their unstain'd freshnesse.

Scon. Now in the name of madnesse what ailes this man? Sir
are you jealous of your wife before you have her?

Free. What if I be sir.

Scon. She may chance Cuckold you after you have her for it.

Free. Good Coxcombe hold thy pratling.

Scon. Coxcombe? how Coxcombe to a naturallis'd Dutch-
man? Death sir, shall I blow you downe with my Can; or
shew you Twibill.

Free. How Sir?

Scon. Nay, bee not angry man, I meant no harme, tis but a
complementall salutation, I purchas'd of the Mr. of the Order
oth' valiant Knights of the Twibill.

Free. A new Order of Knight-hood, that may I know the in-
stitution.

Enter Mistris Know-worth, Marsha, as Mr. Lovering leads her.

Know. Servant welcome: *Lovering* intreat
That gentleman to withdraw with Mr. Doctors man.

Love. Sir, my Mistris begs your absence.

Scon. Beggars are no chusers my friend: she shall
Undergoe no contradiction: but Madam, tis the fashion *Vrin.*

As

The Hollander.

As I tak't, to salute at meeting, and kisse at parting. *Kisses her.*

Frin. You had best kisse her double *Mr. Sconce.*

Scon. Lady, servitude vostre & a vous assi Monsieur tresnoble.

Frin. He lookes like a squirrill indeed : this way sir.

Exeunt Louing, Sconce, Urinall.

Free. I hope you grow to perfect health,
The Native beauty that once filld your cheeks,
Like to the budding Rose puts forth agen,
After cold winters violence : and your lips
On whose soft touch, had it bin possible,
Death would have dy'd himselfe, begin to shew
Like untouch'd Cherries, pale with Morning dew,
Which once shak't off, the purple fruit aspires
With amorous blushes to intice the small
Linnet and wanton Sparrow from their Layes,
To doate on its pure tincture, till they eat
What they admir'd.

Know. — O you are pleasant servant ; did you know
How neare I am to death, and for your sake,
Your humour soone would alter.

Free. Truly, faire one,
It is a sweetnesse in you, I could wish
Were temper'd with lesse passion : (Your much care
Of my unworthy selfe ;) tis but a fortnight,
Since last my eyes enricht their needy sight,
By the reflection of these starres, and had
The least ill seas'd me, you had bin the first
Whose eares would have receiv'd it ; harmes are aptest
To be reported where they are least welcome.

Know. They are indeed, and one of yours is come
To kill my knowledge ; such a one, as had
You worne a common heart, no strong disease
Could have dispatched sooner.

Free. ——— I feele
No inclination in my faculties
Tending to sicknesse : I have never yet
By nightly surfets forc'd my youthfull blood ;
To a distemper.

The Hollander.

Know. Would your youthfull blood
Has ne're forc'd you one. Perfidious man,
Had Iatchiev'd the patience of a Saint
(Seclude my love to thee) I should in rage
Title thee worthlesse : nay, a name above
That hatefull appellation : did you never
Injure a Creature of your mothers one *Martha* ?

Free. Ha : how meane you Lady ?

Know. In the blacke act of Sinne, when you design'd
Her honour, as a carcasse to the Grave,
Where ever since your deed of ill was acted,
'T has slept lost and forgotten.

Free. By just truth.

Know. Invoke your falsehood, if you dare erect
On the blacke number of your heedlesse oathes
A monument to perjury. White truth,
Flies from the ranckorous poyson of your breath,
As from a stifling dampe. Can you deny
Without a blush what I have urg'd ?

Free. My resolution staggers a tall Oake,
Whose weighty top has discompos'd his roots)
When whirlwinds doe assault it, sits unmov'd,
Ballanc'd with me, to recollect the strength
Of impudence, and deeply contradict
Her mightiest affirmation, were to wage
A feeble warre with truth. Say I did Mistris ;
Twas ere a thought reciprocally enjoynd me
A serious duty to you and your mercy,
In which you doe approach as neare heavens goodnesse, (me ;
As heaven does blest eternity, wil pardon that witlesse error in

Know. Truth I shall not : the harmlesse Mirtle first shall live in
And the pale Coullips flourish, ere warme showres (frosts,
With quickning moysture raises them to tell
The early Violets they are not alone
The Springs prime Virgins : my peculiar wrong
I freely pardon : but if you respect
Your conscience, seeke that injur'd woman, and
Restore by sacred marriage the sad losse

The Holkander.

Of her deprived fame. Doe it *Free-wit*, heaven
Will smile at thy integrity; my teares
Shall strive to wash your crime away.

Ex. Mrs. Know.

Free. She weeps: so choice flowers, when extracting fire,
Inforces their lost leaves to a mild warmnesse,
Doe through the *Lymbecke* temperately distill
Their odoriferous teares. But tis most just
To lose a chaste love, when distain'd with lust.

Exit.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Sconce, Vrinall; with a boxe of weapon salve.

Scon. **B**Ut are you certaine *Vrinall* this oyntment is Ortho-
doxall; may I without errour in my faith believe this
same the weapon salve Authentickall?

Vrin. Yes, and infallibly the creame of weapon salves, the
simples which doe concur to th' composition of it, speake it
most sublime stuffe; tis the rich Antidote that scorns the Steele,
and bids the Iron be in peace with men, or rust: *Aurelius Bom-
bastus, Paracelsus*, was the first inventer of this admirable Un-
guent.

Scon. He was my Country-man, and held an Errant Conjuror.

Vrin. The Devill he was as soone: an excellent Naturallist, &
that was all upon my knowledge, Mr. *Sconce*; and tis thought
my Mr. comes very neare him in the secrets concerning bodies
Physicall, as Herbes, Roots, Plants vegetable and radicall, out
of whose quintessence, mixt with some hidden causes, he does ex-
tract this famous weapon salve; of which you now are Mr.

Scon. There's a Welch Doctor ith' City reported skilfull in
compounding it.

Vrin.

The Hollander.

Vrin. He ? a meere Digon a whee ; his salve, why it is Case-baby to my Masters : I dare be sworn tis nothing but Methegling boyld to jelly, the blades of Leeks , mixt with a Welch Goats blood ; then stampd, and straind through a peece of *British* Freeze, or one of the old laps of *Merlins* Jerkin.

Scon. Probable *Vrinall*. That Welch Doctor I doe not like : I did attempt him for the weapon salve, and like a *Turke* hee answer'd me, that *Hollanders* were *Jewes*.

Vrin. They are a rebellious nation that's certaine.

Scon. And that the salve was onely made for Christians; there is a City Captaine too ; I know not how you stile him.

Vrin. Not *John a Stiles*, the Knight of the post is it ?

Scon. No, no, a very honest gentleman ; but he's reported to have atchiev'd the salve in *Lapland* among the witches , and to be very liberall in imparting it to his friends , an Aldermans daughter *Vrinall* may, and they say a witty gentlewoman.

Vrin. Is't possible Mr. *Sconce* ? they have few sonnes of that condition.

Scon. Had a desperate hole made in her by a gentleman, with his But-shaft, as in her Country garden he was shooting at Penny pricke ; was, when none else could doe it, cur'd by this Captaine.

Vrin. By this light a trifle, a meere trifle, the very scraping of our Galley-pots performes more monstrous wonders : there was a Puritane Mr. *Sconce*, who, cause he saw a Surplisse in the Church, would needs hang himselfe in the Bell-ropes.

Scon. Why did not the Sexton ring him by the eares for it ?

Vrin. Him my Mr, seeing, did for experience sake anoynt the noose wherein his necke had bin, and it recovered him.

Scon. Is't possible he should so easily escape a hanging ! but on good *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Nay sir Ile tell you a greater miracle : You heard of the great training last Summer master *Sconce* ?

Scon. O when the whole City went in Armes to take in *Islington* ; marry I heard the Ale-wives curse the report of their Muskets, it made their Pies and Custards quake ith' Oven , and so come out dow-back't, which almost broke the poore Harlots.

Vrin. I then Mr. *Sconce* there was at least three-score blown

The Hollander.

up with a basket of powder, thirty of their lives my Master sav'd.

Scon. Rarer, and rarer yet : But how good *Vrinall* ?

Vrin. He dress'd the smoake of the powder as it flew up Sir, and it heald them perfectly.

Scon. O that any body would blow me up, to see how I could cure my selfe, Still on good *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Nay there are thousands of this kinde : but now I thinke on it since, it did commit a villanous mischief.

Scon. Could it ever doe a mischief *Vrinall* ?

Vrin. Yes, yes, it has done a most notorious one, sufficient to exauctorate its power, and almost annihilate the vertue of it.

Scon. What was't good *Vrinall* ?

Vrin. I could e'ne weepe to tell you sir : tis suppos'd twill never recover the favour of gentlemen and City wits, they are quite out of conceite with it.

Scon. But why should they be so *Vrinall* ?

Vrin. I scarce dare answer Sir, for feare you hate it likewise, 'Twas such another mischief.

Scon. Prethee what ? nay on my gentility *Vrinall*.

Vrin. Why sir, it cur'd two Serjeants, and their yeomen.

Scon. How ? two Serjeants.

Vrin. Who otherwise had drunke Mace-Ale with the Devill.

Scon. A Capitall crime that same, to cure two Serjeants.

Enter Doctor, his wife : Mixum, his wife.

Doct. Tom *Mixum* I thanke thee for the man
Thou sentst me ; tis a most serviceable knave ;
I've set him to pull yon bird of Paradise, yon parcell Dutch :
thou sentst him hither too.

Mix. I knew he was for your purpose, Mr. Doctor : this is the gentleman I told you had one thousand pound *per annum*, and would be a match for Mr. Doctors daughter.

Scon. There was a touch for him indeed *Vrinall*.

Doct. It will, indeed, now I consider on't, I had rather shee should marry a wealthy gull, than a witty Beggar : Wife and Mr. *Mixum*, will you discourse a little with the gentleman,
found

The Hollander.

found his intent and pronenesse to a match, and as you finde him use him; Mr. *Sconce* I should be glad to wait on you, did not urgent affaires withdraw me.

Scon. Mr. Doctor I saw you not before: I am sorry sir, you will be gone so soone, I should have chang'd some fillables with you.

Doct. Another time sweet Mr. *Sconce*.

Tom Mixum, Vrinall, Exit with Doctor.

Mrs. Mix. A very good fortune Mrs *Artlesse* for your daughter, and not to be neglected: shall I speak to him, or will you forsooth?

Mrs. Art. Perhaps hee'l speake to us: see kind gentleman.

Scon. Lady, my manners does command mee leave you: you would perchance be private by your selves, or peradventure *Vrinall* were more behoofefull for your company: then I adiew Vfroes.

Mrs. Mix. Pray stay sir, we have some businesse with you, (let me alone to trye him Mrs. *Artlesse*) besides wee had rather be private with a gentleman, then by our selves: they say you Dutch-men are the kindest men, and love a woman heartily, you kisse so finely too.

Scon. You shall feel that presently [*kisses her*] there was a touch for you: Nay Mrs. *Artlesse* you shall not blame my manners, I have a lip, a picce for you [*kisses her*] and there was a touch for you Lady.

Mrs. Mix. So please you sir, I have another touch for you too, [*kisses him*] Must trie his disposition Mrs. *Artlesse*.

Scon. A very strong touch that same; she will beleaguer me I thinke, and her Cannon shot will bee kisses, they almost blew mee over. Surely the Minikin is enamoured on me.

Mrs. Art. Motion it to him Mrs. *Mixum*.

Mrs. Mix. Pray give me leave to feele his minde first, Mistris *Artlesse*: 'Tis pittie sir, you are so long unmarried; you are an exceeding handsome Gentleman.

Scon. Yes, yes, I know that well enough, I might serve for a gentleman Usher, were my legges small enough: there are Ladies would consume halfe the revenews of their Lords, on such a man of Chine and pith as I am.

Mrs.

The Hollander.

Mist. Mix. Fie master *Scence*, thinke not of Ladies sir, they are so imperious, a man must serve them as they doe command, at every turne and toy comes in their head; they'l puffe and fret else, like their taffata peticoats with often brushing up; I will protest to you, you had better set your minde upon some honest country Gentlewoman, or Citizens daughter, Master Doctor has a handsome girle (though I say it before her mothers face) only she wants the audacity, which a man would put into her; would you were married to her: Sir, she may doe worse, I dare assure you.

Mist. Art. Yes indeed may you master *Scence*, have you not seene her yet? tis a pretty puling baggage, so it is, marry ere I would make her a Lady, shee should be a new Exchange wench, your Citizens wives they are the gooddest creatures, live the finest lives.

Mist. Mix. Very right, mistris *Artlesse*, good soules, did you but know sir, what tender hearts they have, how kind they will be to a gentleman that comes to deale for their commodities, they will use him and it were their owne husbands.

Scen. Ile lay my life this musk-melon has a minde to use mee so: I care not much to give her a touch, or so, she's of the right sise, but Mistris *Artlesse* should I have your good will, if I could love your daughter.

Mist. Art. Certainly sir, were you of English blood, I should like you better.

Mist. Mix. Fie Mistris *Artlesse*, when I was a maid, I had a desire to be a kinne to all nations: I have tried some English men, and they are like my husband, meere meacocks verily: and cannot lawfully beget a childe once in seaven yeares.

Scen. A touch, by this light, that's the reason there are so many bastards in the city.

Mi. Mix. Your Spaniard as a neighbour of mine, told me who had liv'd among, is too hasty, he will not give a woman time to say her prayers after she is bed: your French is with a woman as with an enemy, soone beaten off, but mistris *Artlesse*, if you will marry your daughter to the most compleat man, let him be Dutch: they are the rarest men at multiplication, they will doe it so readily.

The Hollander.

Scon. They be indeed very good Arithmitecians.

Enter Lady Yellow, Mistris knoworth.

Mist. Art. Here comes the Ladies : Mistris *Mixum* we'l depart, they must not know our conference. *Exe. Mrs. Art.*

Mist. Mix. Adiew kinde master *Sconce.* *Mrs. Mixum.*

Scon. Adiew min vroom, I have a pestilent mind to this talking harlotry, I will to her, but if I should obtain the Neapolitan be-
neach, a creeke ith' backe, or so, from her, 'twould be but a scur-
vy touch, that for me, I should be forc'd to swim ith tub for it, or
be hang'd by the armes, and smoak'd like a bloat herring, I had
forgot my pretious salve, should I be serv'd so, 'twere but dres-
sing the weapon that hurt mee (which I can have at any time)
and be sound agen, ha other donfella's : Madams, they are crea-
tures of Plush, and Sattin, Ile accost them.

Know. This is the gentleman I told you of, I wonder what
his quality may be, our Landlord the Doctor is a much fam'd
man, and surely very honest.

Scon. It shall be so, my English is not compleate enough
To hold discourse with Ladies of regard, my naturall
Dutch too is a Clownish speech, and only fit to court
A leagurer in: no your French shall doe it, and thanke
My memory, I am perfect in it, tis your most
Accomplish'd language, there's scarce a gallant but does woe
His mistris in the moode, but if they should
Not understand me : well I will expere
Me it. *Sconce cringes to the Ladies.*

Lady. He meanes to speake surely in cringes.

Scon. *Madame tres puissant en le command. de tous ceurs de cest
monde, ie que sui semond & invite en tant de lieux que ie ne seay
ou aller pour abrir mon sayn: a un bewtie digne de mon acceptance.*

Lady. Heyday, what's this, how should he know
Who can speake French.

Know. He supposes it, prithee answer him sister.

Scon. *Suivant vostre treschier virtue, le sui si liberal
Que ie abandonnerenie & renoune a tout mis biens
De mon vid mon Engin mon alayne mon sang & mon*

The Hollander.

Pensir (pour ie ne saurioye, que dire) prouoir mon
Ceur mon affection tout a vostre plaisir.

Lady. *Aproche's ie ne vou's morderay pas.*

Scon. *Si ie ne vous fay traitement t'el que
A vous appartient, ie espere que vostre
Noblez te contera de mon bon intention.*

Enter Sir Martine, Poppingay, and Vrinall.

Vrin. There is the Lady you enquire for.

Sir Mart. Thanks thee my friend, there's for
Thy paines, depart.

Exit Vrinall.

Nephew stand cleare, observe.

Scon. *Sily' a chose en mon petit pouoir en quoy ie vous puisse
Seruir & aider commandes moy librement.*

Lady. *Vous Este fort & liberal de suparoll monsieur.*

Sir Mar. At it so close, so now he wrings her hand,
And she smiles on him : and her sister laughs
At the lascivious posture, that I could
Command a flash of lightning, or usurpe
A minute the prerogative of death
That I might force a ruine on them, suddaine
As water falls from mountaines, yet so wretched,
They might despaire and damne themselves, what say they ?

Pop. They speake French, I understand them not. *Scon.* *kisses*

Mart. O that's the ages bawd to lustfull contracts, *the Lady.*
Hell seise them, may their lips, like twins
In mischief grow together, that their foule breath
May have no vent, least like some poisonous fogge,
It doe infect the aire.

Kisses her hand.

Scon. *Per dona mi Madam apre's le's leures le maine.*

Sir Mart. Againe, why strait,
If I stand still, they'l to the very act,
I shall behold my selfe transform'd to beast,
And like an innocent lambe, when the keene knife's
Prepar'd to slit his wofand never bleat
But in calme silence perish ; villaine diuell
Hadst thou as many lives as thou hast sins,

The Hollander.

This should invade them all with the swift rage
Of fire or whirlwinds.

Runs at Sconce, hurts him in the arme, Sconce disarms him.

Lady. Heavens blesse yee

Innocent gentleman: sister my husband.

Know. I feare he has mischiev'd him.

Scon. You thinke you have hurt me wonderfully *I warrant.*

Pop. Good sir be more your selfe.

Laughs.

Scon. Give me thy hand, tis but a touch ith arme man, thou art
a valiant fellow, I warrant thee a right twibiller, run a tilt at
a man before his weapon is drawne, your Lady would not have
don't I me sure, but tis no matter, thou hast done me a curtesie,
or otherwise I should not take't so patiently, (I shall by this
meanes experience my precious weapon salve) hold, thou wilt
fight no more, there's a twibill for thee, thy sword Ile keepe till
wee next meet, *Ladies beso los doights de vostre blanch mains*, a-
dieu comrade remember I am beholding to thee. *Ex. Sconce.*

Pop. He's gone, but has left his hanger behinde him.

Lady. Sister prithee speak to him, he has put me in such a fright,
I cannot.

Pop. Sir be not so extreameley passionate,
Discourse your grievance mildely, heare her answer,
Then censure justly of her.

Know. Brother I admire
A person of your breeding should transgresse,
Civility so highly, to attempt
Upon a gentleman, who to my knowledge
Injur'd you no way.

Sir Mart. He is your champion, and you his Ladies.

Know. How sir?

Sir Mart. His prostitutes I might have said O creature,
Who art so bad, the present age will question
The truth of history, which do's but mention
A vertuous woman; with what impudence
Canst thou behold me, and a shivering cold,
Strong as the hand of winter, casts on brookes,
Not freeze thy spirits up, congeale thy blood
To an ere'lasting lethargy. The starres

The Hollander.

Like straglers, wander by successive course,
To various seats yet constantly revisit
The place they mov'd from : the Phœnix whose sweetnesse
Becomes her sepulcher, ascends agen
Vested in younger feathers from her pile
Of spicy ashes, but mans honor lost
Is irrecoverable the force of fate cannot revive it.

Lady. Sir tis past my thoughts,
What should incense you to this jealous rage
'Gainst me your loyall wife, when no one blemish
Lyes on my soule that can give testimony
Unto my conscience that I have not ever
Truely and chastely lov'd you.

Sir Mart. Yes just so the Greene
Willow and shady Poplar love the brooke,
Upon whose bankes they're planted, yet infect
By frequent dropping of their witherd boughes,
Its wholesome waters ; that thou shouldst be faire
And on the white leaves of thy face beare writ
The character of foulnesse, swallow up
In thy abyss of sin, thy native purenesse,
As the high seas that doe with flattering curles
Intice the spotlesse streames to mixe their waves
With the insatiate billowes, that intombe the innocent rivers.

Lady. O me unfortunate woman.

Pop. Good uncle speake more kindly to her, alas she weepes.

Sir Mar. I see it nephew,
So violent raine weepes ore the purple heads
Of smiling Violets, till its brakish drops
Insinuate among the tender leaves,
And with its waight oppresse them : these are teares,
Such as distill from henbane full of poison,
And craft as she they come from : tell me woman,
Who hast not shame enough left in thy cheekes
To cause a blush, darst thou usurpe the name
Of good or vertuous, when these cares can witnesse
Thou didst sollicit yesterday this youth,
To sate the ravenous heate of thy desire,

The Hollander.

With all the eloquence well worded lust
Could borrow to adorne its painted fowlness.

Lady. Was it you indeed? I'm glad I know't deare sir,
Had I the chastest temper, that fraile flesh
Could ever boast of, your strange usage of me,
Would undermine it: to forsake my bed,
Before my blood scarce relish'd the delights
Attending on young nuptialls, so that I
Expect no anger from you, if I seeke
That from the charity of other men,
Which your neglect (though you in duty owe it)
Will not allow me.

Know. Well said sister.

Sir Mar. Life sheel tell me straight
She will retaine before my face some slave,
Some strong back'd monster to performe her hot
Desires with able activenesse, the slow
Motion of Snayles that carry on their heads
Their shelly habitations to the pace
Of my dull rage, is swfit as erring flames,
Which had it not been leaden wing'd; as sleepe,
Ere this had seisd the monster.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, the man is sure distracted, ha, ha, ha,

Pop. Heyday, here's laughing and crying both with a winde,
As boyes doe, a juglar's but an asse to a right woman.

Lady. Good sir will you walke? the gentleman hee's in a terrible sweat, should he stand still, he may chance catch an Ague.

Know. A Cardus posslet were very soveraigne for him, I perceive his fit is comming.

Lady. How doe you husband, sweet heart, what not speake? I thought your jealousie ere this had driven you into France, but now I see you feare to bee sea-sicke, you have found mee out it seemes; I hope ere long you will provide Gossips for the child I goe with, marke you ducke.

Sir Mar. If I stay, my rage
Will hurry me to mischief, better leave her
To certaine ruine, then betray my selfe
To danger of it, when strong tides meete tides

The Hollander.

In a contracted chanell, they their force,
Resigne to th' wearing of the troubled waves
A frothier livery, then when Oceans
Encounter with full liberty, the windes
Imprisond in the Cavernes of the earth,
Breake out in hideous earthquakes, passions so
Encrease by opposition of all scornes,
Tis most opprobrious to be arm'd with hornes.

Ex. Sir. Mar.

Lady. He leaves you here sir as his spie, do's he not?
Pray wait upon your master, I suppose he is so.

Pop. Pardon me Madam, he is my uncle.

Lady. Which of his sisters sonnes are you?

Pop. The Lady *Popingaies*.

Lady. My cosen *Harry Poppingay*; I cry your mercy sir: your good mother knowes, and grieves I'm sure, to see her brother wrong me as he does: should I tell her how you dealt with mee too, she would chide you soundly.

Pop. Your goodnesse Madam will forgive it on my submission and sorrow for it. *Know.* Weel beg it for you sir.

Lady. Sister he has it, were it possible
To worke a reclamation on this man,
From his fond jealousy, I would not wish
A change to be an Empreffe.

Enter Dalinea.

Dal. Madam, my mother does entreat your Ladyships company in your chamber, Mrs. *Mixum* has brought the conserves my father did appoint her.

Pop. Tis the same face, or else some Angel does
Assume this shape to mocke mortality,
With the true forme of beauty.

Lady. Nephew pray see us oftner, and use all meanes to gaine your distracted uncle from his frensie, sister shall's walke; *Dalinea* be it your care to see my Nephew forth.

Exe. Lady and

Dal. I shall Madam.

Knoworth.

Pop. Life she speakes too
A tempting language, such was our first mothers voyce,
While she was innocent, most perfect woman.

Dal. Would you have ought with me sir?

Pop. Yes bright vertue.

Dal.

The Hollander.

Dal. That title relishes flattery for ought you know : I may be vicio us.

Pop. Goodnesse deludes it selfe then,
I cannot flatter Lady, you mistake me :
What I shall speake, comes from an innocence
Yet undefild by falshood.

Dal. Speake quickly, if it concerne me, otherwise I must Entreat a licence to depart.

Pop. You cannot affoord example of such cruelty
To following Lovers, to deprive my sight so soone
Of yours, for whose least view, the darke Cimmerian, blinded
With continuall sleepe, would rowse his heavy eyelids.

Dal. Nay, and you begin to run a complement out of breath,
You'd drive me hence indeed: (believe me sir) had I not lik'd
You well, my modesty would scarce have suffered the least
Enterchange of words (but since it has done) pray be brieft,
What tends your conference to ?

Pop. I love you Lady
With the religious fancy, that one Saint
Affects another ; such a heate as mine
Was that, with which the first who ere knew love,
Had their soules warm'd (essentiall) not as now
The common garbe is to adore a lip,
Or any other lineament, but for
The abstract of perfection, which do's glory
In being deriv'd from one so good as you are,
Am I become your captive.

Dal. This to me, sounds as the empty whistling of the ayre
Does in some hollow vault, unspotted truth
Informes my ignorance, there's not a person
In all the multitude of men loves chastly.

Pop. Be so charitable
As to believe I can, who never yet
Knew flamewas vicious, my desires retaine
Their maiden purity, no other object
Did ere attract my soules unblinded eyes, but your faire selfe.

Dal. Then I believe you sir,
No man will be so worthlesse to dissemble

The Hollander.

With me, who cannot thinke but all the world
Intends the same reality that I doe :
Yet tis an errour, which perswasion scarce
Shall free me from : that every woman ought
To love a man with that indifferent heate
She fancies other women, without sence
Of difference twixt the Sexes.

Pop. Soule offsweetnesse,
How equally an Angels intellect
Informes her sacred Reason : to love chastly,
Could not have bin defin'd with juster strictnesse,
Had we produc'd the constancy of Swans,
Or never changing Turtles, as our patternes,
(T'had but describ'd chaste love) the Palme that prospers,
(Not but by's fellow) and the Vine that weaves
Of her owne leaves a thinne, yet glorious mantle
For her naked lover. Doe but embleme what
Her truth has utt'red : but resolve me faire one,
Could you affect so ?

Dalin. If that were all
Requisite to love, I could ; but there's obedience
A Nuptiall wreath brings with it, which I feare
My frailty would scarce keepe, and to become
Perfidious to a vow were such a sinne
As I should quake to thinke of.

Pop. You alledge
Vaine difficulties : I perceive your looks
Would be propitious to me, did your will,
Asham'd perhaps to suffer suddaine conquest,
Not play the Tyrant with them, and call backe
The crimson Nectar from your well-form'd Cheeke
To guard your heart from yielding : come, let's kisse,
The modest heate proceeding from my lips
Will thaw your soule to softnesse.

Dal. Away, we may not ;
If true——chaste love had rested in discourse,
I could have beene its votary, but a thought
Of any thing beyond it, is to me

The Hollander.

Dangerous as sicknesse : farewell fir.

Ex. Dal.

Pop. Sure some white Cherubim,
Comming to teach the irreligious earth
The ancient truth ; in its swift flight to heaven,
Pronounc'd that happy farewell to the soules
Its musicke had converted. I've not lost
In my first tryall, like some ventrous man,
Who findes the Indies ; though he get small wealth,
Yet he sets forth agen, in hopes at last
To lade his winged vessell : He returne,
That fire's not out, which does in Ashes burne.

Exit.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Sconce solus , dressing his weapon.

Scon. SO, now it workes : the operation I believe is not on
the suddaine, and my wound rancles as fast as if hee
had runne his Rapier through a Head of Garlicke, or wash'd it
in Aqua fortis; and this weapon salve, so much extold byth' Twi-
ball Knights, commended by *Mixum*, deified by *Urinall*, and
adored by my believing selfe, procures no more miraculous ef-
fect, than if it were *unguentum album*. Well, I am confident
yet, there's no defect ith' *unguent* ; my blood, my blood is sure
anathemated ; carries some curs'd impediment about it, that
disannuls the vertue and incomparable force of the divine salve.
This Dutch blood of mine, guilty of Bacongrease, and potted
Butter —— Soft, who are these ? my Cozen *Fortresse*, Generall
of the Twiball Knights ; and his assistant *Pirke*, with Mr. *Mix-
um* ; twere a detriment to valour to complaine before them.

Enter

The Hollander.

Enter Mixum, Fortresse, and Pirke.

Mix. Yonder's your Cosen talking to himsele : pray Gentlemen draw neare. *Mr. Sconce* I brought these friends to visit you.

Scon. Thanks good *Mr. Mixum*, Cosen *Fortresse*, and my Diminutive Captaine *Pirke* ; give your hands, you are welcome, very welcome.

For. Health to the Weather-cocke of my Kin , the noble Signeur *Jeremias Sconce*.

Pirke. Propitious, and auspicious be thy starres, man of renowne and merit : ha thy arme in sling my *Palmerin* : Confusion Captaine *Fortresse* , he weares a wound about him.

Scon. No, no, a touch, a meere touch, a Flea-bite, Captain *Pirke*.

Mix. Is't not recover'd by the salve *Mr. Sconce* ?

Scon. Yes , as good as whole ; the weapon salve will remedy it.

Fort. Yes, past all chance it will : twill mundifie and purge your body Cosen : I use to combate three or foure at once, every spring, purposely to be let blood a little : it does me good all the yeare after.

Scon. I am very glad of it. But tell me Cosen *Fortresse* , how fares it with the residue of the blades , the valiant Twiball Knights, the famous brethren, doe they walke in Coat gelt , or all a mode in *Dunkirke* Cloaks ?

Mix. Those fashioned Cloaks I never heard of before : I meruaile my Tayler gets not a patterne of them ; Pray sir, what is a *Dunkirke* Cloake ?

Pirke. Not know a *Dunkirk* upper garment, a leaguer Cloak ; behold my *Io*, this Cane, this staffe of office ; this wee stile the Millitarie Caster.

Mix. Twill hardly keepe a shoure of raine out that.

Scon. Are they confin'd to Chamber still, for want of Boots, or Linnen ? I love to heare of their prosperities.

Fort. Why Cosen they are well, but in the accustom'd garbe, the frugall brimme, and petty feather : they expect most carefully thy admittance into our Order.

Scon. 'Tshall be done after my wedding Cosen. I have got,
E 2 doft

The Hollander.

doſt heare, ſirrah *Pirke* a girle of mettall, the Doctors daughter Bully, *Fortreſſe* : Fleſh of Milke and Roſes Blade.

For. But Coſen, tis neceſſary, you inrole your ſelfe into the Family before you wed : our order, like the Knights of *Malta*, does admit no perſons eſpouſed : but with this difference, if they receive the Order Batchellours, they may then marry, and yet retaine the title.

Scon. Say you ſo Coſen ?

For. Certaine truth my *Io* : we met npon our grand Exchange laſt night, our place of trade and conſultation, and there concluded ſome decrees, neceſſary for ſupporting our Common-wealth.

Pir. How perdition Captaine ? how durſt you meet without me ? or conceite that decree valuable, which the voyce of Captaine *Pirke* has not aſſented to. Refuſe me ſir, the brethren of the Blades ſhall rue their bold confrontment : vengeance doe you take mee for a boy, or ſome *Pigniggin* ? conſult without me ?

Scon. Patience, good Captaine *Pirke*, I would faine heare them.

Pirke. He reads his necke-verſe, reads them in my preſence : Death rob me of the priviledge of my place and dignity Captaine, confound you, I could ſhew you *Twibill* for it.

Mix. What does this *Tom Thumbe* meane troe ?

For. Why ſirrah Dandiprat, you might have given attendance.

Pirke. What without a ſummons, you can ſend *Iacke Shirke* your Beadle, to congregate the meaner branches of the Brotherhood, not a Picke-pocket I warrant you, but had notice of it : and muſt I be forgotten ? by my man-hood tis baſe.

Scon. You have given the Captaine too bold a touch Senior *Pirke* ; thou art juſt like the Mouſe to the Elephant, borne to vex him : but prethee for my ſake let him read them.

Pirke. Your ſake prevails, or otherwiſe —

For. Attend then Coſen *Sconce* ; our Orders Ile aſſure you are ſuch, as the moſt envious Juſtice, nor their Goole-quill Clarks, that ſmell at new Bridewell, and Finsbury ſhall not exclaime on. *Imprimis*, it is generally decreed.

Pirke. How, generally without me ? Fire of *Styx* this is inſufferable.

Scon.

Scon. Good Captaine *Pirke*, on cosen *Fortresse*.

Fort. That no knight of the Twibill; as Whiskr iin or aillye gentleman shall presume to lead or convey any of the sisters of the order, viz. Striker, Cockatrice, or Gynimeg through the watch after twelve, unlesse he see them asleepe, or be in see with the Constable, under the penalty of being sent to the house of Correction.

Pirke. Renounce me sir, this order Ile not signe to, it favors of cowardise, feare to convey a sister through the watch, tis against Our noble institution

Fort. Next it is enacted, that none of the groomes of our wardrobe shall offer to deprive any man of cloake, coate, or hat, unlesse it be in the darke, as they feare to answer it at the next assises, and be burn'd in the hand for it.

Scon. Twould be a hot touch for them cosen *Fortresse*.

Fort. Next it is decreed, that the receivers of our rents and customes, to wit divers Rookes, and Saint Nicholas Clearkes shall certainly use no more flights to get more then they can clearely come off with, under penalty of being carried up Holborne in a cart, and at Tiburne executed, which may tend to the dissolution of our whole fraternity.

Scon. But have you concluded nothing for the sisters, I long to heare them?

Fort. O yes cosen, we have confinde them to a certaine price, a stipend reasonable, so that they shall not need to dive into pockets.

Scon. They will doe that if you would hange them cosen.

Pirke. I doe disclaime that order, Captaine *Fortresse* your wisdome should have well considerd at what charge they are, for coach or hand litter, specially those of the gentile garbe, next their ushers must be maintaind, paint payd for, cloaths, provided and the matron satisfied, these things considerd, could you bee so cruell as to confine them to a price by valour sir, I am ashamed on't.

Fort. Tis mended by the next order, they are prescrib'd from wearing Plush and Sattir, unlesse in petticoats.

Scon. You will not have them like the Jewes at Rome weare party coloured garments, to be knowne from Christians?

The Hollander.

Fort. By no meanes sir, we would have every one take notice of them, but Marshalls men, Beadles, and Constables, and therefore have ordain'd that they shall weare Beaver Hats, Poak'd Ruffes, Grogram Gownes, or at the best wrought Taffata, Foxe Skinne Muffes, Mochaite peticoates, Bodkins and Crof-cloaths edg'd with gold lace.

Mix. This is the habit of our Rotterdamians.

Fort. The only shape to hide a striker in: ever while you Live, your city is most secure from officers, and most Notorious to gentlemen, they will take up your city ware at Any rate. Besides while they flanted it in plush, 'Twas an abuse to gentlewomen and Ladies, we have er'd in Questioning them for females of our tribe, and had our pates Broake for it.

Scon. But cosen is this edict generally confirm'd by all the society of the Twibillers Knights and Ladies.

Fort. Tis universall cosen, only for Captaine *Pirkes* name, wee lest a blanke, there's the decreet sir, read it if you please.

Pirk. Twas the safest course to leave a blanke for me, or I had Blank'd your whole decree! I had by magnanimity.

Scon. *Imprimis*, I Captaine Furibundo Fortresse.

Mix. A fearefull name that fame.

Scon. Knight great master of the order of Twibill: Lord of no Cloke, Viscount Ratan, cane and one spur.

Mix. You are but an ill cocke of the game it seemes.

Scon. Count Freese, gray Felt, and mony-lacke, Duke of Turnbull, Bloomesbury, and Rotten Row, Lord paramont of all Garden-Alleyes, Gun Ally, and Rosemary Lane.

Mix. He has more titles then the great Turke. Proceed sir.

Scon. Chief commander of all Twibills, dangerfeild and whifkins, who will quarell in Tavernes with a man, and not fight in the field with a mouse. And of the residue of the fraternities of husses, divers dammes and decoyes, sole sultan and grand signeur, have to the premisses set my mighty hand, together with hands of our trusty and our couragious assistants (this blanke's for you Captaine *Pirke*.) *Holofernes Make-shift*, *Kosiran Knock-downe*, and twenty six more of our principall companions of the order.

Fort

The Hollander.

Fort. Nay there are others too, bury not their appellations in oblivion, they merit memory.

Scon. To which at our command also are subsign'd our most illustrious and remarkable sisters (they are slit nos'd perhaps) (there was a touch for them cosen *Fortresse*) *Donna Iesabella*, *Garreta*, mother of the maids of Lambeth Marsh, with her conspicuous consort, at the three skipping Conies in the towne. (a touch that.) you meane the three Squirrels, you are cunning cosen *Fortresse*, together with our most industrious servant *Pythagoras* Pigge.

Pirke. I gave him that name from his transmigration into cast suites, who has put his petie toes to it, and finally the woman that sings ballads, has her name trunled at the taile of it.

Mix. I mervaille master Doctor has not set his hand to this.

Scon. Seald with the seale at armes of our order, viz. Three Rooks volant in a field sanguine, two broken jugs the supporters, and a Twibill for the crest, and given the second day of this present month, at our mansion royall, or place of meeting in the long graviel'd walkes in our usuall fields.

Enter Doctor, Vrinall, Freewit, Sir Martine.

Sir Mar. Well Master Doctor you'l remember me,
And have an eye unto my nephew, I trust
Her with you. Farewell sir.

Exit Sir Mart.

Doct. Doubt it not good sir *Martine*.

Fort. Captaine *Pirke* pray retire unto the brothers of our Society: entreat them to prepare againe to morrow, for My cosen *Sconces* enfeisement.

Pirke. Upon compulsion sir, I should refuse, marry on faire entreaty I doe flye, good and high fates looke on you. *Ex. Pirke.*

Doct. Sonne *Sconce* (I'm bold to call you so) how do's your arme?

Scon. Indifferent sir, but yet I have not found
That rare effect ith' weapon salve you spoake of,
Vrinall I feare since it cur'd the two serjeants and their
Yeomen, the verue has beene much extenuated.

Doct. Twas your ill dressing the weapon: give me your sword
sonne,

The Hollander.

sonne, this is of the right salve the welsh Doctor makes, this shall save my credit. (*Annoints the weapon.*) Now *Vrinall* take this weapon, lap it warme in linnen cloaths, and locke it in my sonne, your anguish sonne will soone be mitigated.

Scon. I have a touch of it already sir.

Free. I have seene experience of this weapon salve, and by its most mysterious working knowne some men hurt, past the helpe of surgery recover'd.

Mix. Marke you that master *Sconce*, the gentleman may be believ'd.

Free. Yet I cannot
With my laborious industry invent
A reason why it should doe this, and therefore
Transcending naturall causes, I conclude
The use unlawfull.

Scon. He is unlawfully begotten sir, dares tearme it so, there was a touch for him cosen *Fortresse*; I cald him sonne of a whore, and he would take no notice of it.

Doff. But pray sir, why should it be unlawfull?

Free. Cause Conscience and religion disallow
In the recovery of our impair'd healths,
The assistance of a medicine made by charmes,
Or subtle spells of witchcraft.

Scon. his mother was a witch, saies this maide, so there was another touch for him cosen *Fortresse*, son of a witch, but he understands not that neither.

Doff. Conceive you this to be compounded so?

Free. Ile prove it master Doctor.

Scon. The prooffe of a pudding is the eating, in your teeth sir, a pudding in his teeth: you know what I meane cosen *Fortresse*, another touch for him, but al's one, he has wit in's anger, and wil not understand me.

Fort. If he durst blunder for it Cosen *Sconce*.

Free. Yet to avoide a tedious argument,
Since our contention's only for discourse,
And to instruct my knowledge, pray tell me,
Affirme you not that this same salve will cure
At any distance (as if the person hurt

Should

The Hollander.

Should be at Yorke) the weapon, dres'd at London,
On which his blood is.

Doct. All this is granted 'twill.

Scen. Nay we'l grant you more sir (that it will not) and yet
prove it, and you shall prove your selfe a (so you shall.) There
had been another touch for him cosen *Fortresse*, but I fear'd hee
would have understood me now, ere you shall prove it.

Fort. Silence cosen *Sconce*, let's heare the whiffler if he can-
not verifie his words, sink me my Jo, he shall taste arme of dan-
gerfield.

Free. Out of your words sir Ile prove it Diabollically, no cause
Naturall; begets the most contemn'd effect,
Without a passage through the meanes, the fire
cannot produce another fire untill
it be apply'd to subject apt to take
Its flaming forme, nor can a naturall cause,
Worke at incompetent space: how then can this
Neither consign'd to th' matter upon which
Its operation is to cause effect;
Nay at so farre a distance, worke so great
And admirable a cure beyond the reach
And law of nature; yet by you maintain'd,
A naturall lawfull agent, what dull sence can credit it.

Scen. Very authentick this, well if the divell have tane the
paines to be my surgion, my arme I feare will be possesst, I feele
an evill spirit in it already.

Fort. Respect the Doctors answer.

Doct. Sir, you speake reason, I must confesse, but every cause
Workes not the same way; we distinguish thus:
Some by a Physicall and reall touch
Produce: So Carvers hewing the rough Marble,
Frame a well polish'd statue: but there is
A virtuall contact too: which other causes
Imploy in acting their more rare effects,
So the bright Sun does in the solid earth,
By the infusive vertue of his raies,
Convert the sordid substance of the mold
To Mines of mettall, and the piercing ayre

The Hollander.

By cold reflexion so ingenders Ice ;
And yet you cannot say the chilly hand
Of ayre, or quickning fingers of the Sunne,
Really touch the water or the earth.
The Load-stone so by operative force,
Causes the Iron which has felt his touch,
To attract another Iron ; nay, the Needle
Of the ship guiding compasse, to respect
The cold Pole Articke ; just so the salve workes,
Certaine hidden causes convey its powerfull
Vertue to the wound from the annointed
Weapon, and reduce it to welcome soundnesse.

Scon. The salve is legitimate agen, Cosen *Fortresse*, O rare
Doctor.

Mix. Nay, you shall heare him tickle the gentlemen I warrant you.

Free. This, Mr. Doctor, is
A weake evasion, and your purities
Have small affinity ; the glorious Sunne
As tis a generall instrument of heaven,
In all its great productions, and the Ayre
An Elementall agent, naturally
Ingender Mettalls in the earth, and Ice
On the selfe frissing waters : The Load-stone
As tis a simple body, may afford
That vertue to the Steele by secret power
Of all-commanding nature : But that this,
This weapon salve, a compound, should affect
More than the purest bodies can, by wayes
More wonderfull than they doe, as apply'd
Unto a sword a body voyd of life,
Yet it must give life, or at least preserve it.

Scon. Pith, he talkes like an Apothecary to the Doctor.

Doct. You mistake, it does not,
Tis the blood sticking to the sword atchieves
The cure : there is a reall sympathy
Twixt it, and that which has the juyce of life,
Moystens the body wounded.

Fort. Rare *Paracelsian*, thy Annals shall be cut in Brasse by Pen of Steele.

Free. You may as well
Report a reall sympathy betweene
The nimble soule in its swift flight to heaven,
And the cold carkasse it has lately left,
As a loath'd habitation : blood, when like
The sap of Trees, which weepes upon the Axe
Whose cruell edge does from the aged Trunke
Dissever the green Branches from the Veines;
Ravish'd, forgoes his Native heate, and has
No more relation to the rest, than some
Desertlesse servant, whom his Lord casts off,
Has to his vertuous fellowes.

Enter Mistris Know-worth.

Know. Mr. *Free-wit* return'd agen, and in discourse
With Mr. Doctor : He not disturbe your conference.

Doct. So please your Ladyship we had even done.
I am glad she's come to rescue me.

Scen. There was a touch for him *Cosen Fortresse, victus, victa, viſum*, he looks like a Schoole-boy vanquish'd at capping verses : harke you sir, repent your errour, and in time you may bee sav'd ; you see the vertue of the salve the Doctor had dress'd his Speaking weapon with it, It hurt you, and it has cured you : Beware you fall not into a relapse : there was another touch for him *Cosen Fortresse*. Doctor give your hand (father I should have said) some fam'd Historian, some *Gallo-Belgians* shal Chronicle thee and thy salve, there was a touch for him *Cosen Fortresse*. Come you shall see my Mistris.

Exeunt Scence, Fortresse, Mixum, and Doctor.

Know. Mr. *Free-wit* have you yet found the injur'd downy Woman out, I motioned at last parting?

Free. Truly Mistris, had she bin worthy the seeking, your Command should not have bee'de protracted, but
'Twere a staine to my owne honour to be inquisitive
After a prostitute, and a blot to your
Discretion, should nice judgements know you enjoyn'd me
So manifest a folly.

The Hollander.

Know. 'Twas a greater, to be the authour of her shame,
Whom now you slight so infinitely.

Free. Could I slight her more,

'Twere a due justice which I owe my selfe;
(In hazarding the forfeit of your love) I am in plight to be
Undone by her, but your most serious thoughts
Will sure convert your soule from the intent
Of my most certaine ruine, which your last
Discourse perhaps, for triall of my faith,
Seem'd to invert upon me.

Know. You mistake; needlesse are second trialls, when a first
Proves you perfidious; doubtlesse you confirm'd
Your love to her, with the same sad protests,
You've done to me (yet left her) for her sake,
And in revenge of womans innocence, martyr'd by you,
I here to heaven pronounce a sure disjunction
Of our loves and vows for ever.

Free. O reserve that breath,
Which ought like sacred incense to be spent
Onely on heaven, or in delivering notes
May charme the world to peace; when raging warres
Or Earth quakes have affrighted it. Consum't
On no such use, horrid and ominous,
As if it threatned thunder to the earth,
Or would infect the genius of the ayre
With Mists contagious (as if compos'd
Of Viper steame) O had you were wont
To be so good, that vertue would have sigh'd

At the unwelcome spectacle) if you
Had appear'd woman in a passion,
(Though of the slightest consequence) O do not
Renounce that Saint-like temper, it will be
A change hereafter burthenous to your soule,
As sinne to one, who all his life time blest
With peace of Conscience, at his dying minute,
Falls into mortall enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Know. These words

The Hollander.

Have not the effectuall Oratory you first had,
When I was confident, as day of light,
Your youth had beene as destitute of vice
As of deformity. So a sweet streame,
Whose bubling harmony allur'd the Birds
To court its moving musicke, when it mixes
With impure waters, with the hoys affrights
The eares, before delighted in it.

Free. This is too severe a Justice, and extends
To cruelty, had some intemperate rage
Purpled my hand in murder (though the guilt
Would have beene written in a larger Text
In Conscience blacke booke; yet the punishment
Had not bin halfe so hideous. I should for that
Have suffered but a temporary paine
At worst; and my truly repentant soule
Perhaps have had free entrance to the place
consign'd to penitents, when now, like some
Manacled Captive, or diseased wretch,
On whom each minute does beget a death:
I like a slow fire by my owne soft flames,
VVith Tortoyse speed extinguish.

Know. Sir, your words are superficiall, as a shadow which
The morning Sunne produces and blacke night
Renders forgotten: and no more excite
Beliefe in me: that what you utter's truth,
Then Mandrakes groanes doe a conceite of death
In persons resolute, while I have yet
A specious memory left, that once my heart
Tendred you dearly; I would counsell you
First to indeavour to finde out that maid,
(If that succeed not) not to thinke on me,
As one affianc'd to you by a neerer interest then other women
Are that never had conversation with you.

Free. Had a frost, sharpe as a tedious winters Northerne blasts,
Congeal'd your mercy, my unfained teares
Should with moyst warmth dissolve it, mistris you
Approach so neare the attributes of heaven,

The Hollander.

That had you liv'd ith' superstitious age,
More pretious gums had tum'd upon your altars,
Then on all female deities. O forgive me,
A rigorous tyrants breath will scarce pronounce
For one and the first crime, so strict a sentence:
You shall not goe yet if you will recall it,
Lovers will blesse your piety, and subscribe to your
Superlative goodnesse.

Know. Pray desist, afford me liberty to retire, I cannot alter
my resolution.

Free. Yet reclaime it; some divells spleene has lately fraught
Your brest, and banish'd thence milde pitty, (boistrous winds,
Force so the gentle and untroubled seas,
To swallow up some ships, its naturall calmenesse
Would have transported safely with their wealth
To their desired harbors) were my thoughts,
Not fix'd with that religion upon you
That are my prayers (when I repent) on heaven,
I should not thus transcend the lawes and strength
Of manhood, and like some distressed babe
Left by its parent to the desolate woodes,
Or ayres cold charity, so long implore
A new and holier union twixt our soules,
Then ere had link'd them; which when you have tied,
Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continu'd youth;
(Such were the springs in paradise) and when
You passe to be a sharer in heavens blisse,
Virgins and innocent lovers spotlesse teares,
Hardned to pearle by the strong heat of sighes
Shall be your monument.

Know. I shall relent spight of my settled will, if he continue)
These moving supplications: Sir because
You shall not blame my cruelty, or judge
Tis for regard of any thing but my honour,
I doe forsake you, if ere to morrow night
You finde that woman, get her to renounce
Freely her title to you, I agen

The Hollander.

On promise of your future loyalty
Will stand the triall of your wavering faith,
Perhaps be yours agen: you have
Receiv'd my utmost meaning.

Exit Know.

Free. How I adore
This constancy of worth in her, though
It make against my selfe, well I must to my taske,
That labour's richest that most paines doth ask.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Doctor and Lady Yellow.

Doct. **T**IS a strange humour Madam, and condemnes
Your judgement of much indiscretion,
Did I not know it lawfull; nay no way
But that for the recovery of your health,
I should not urge it thus, you are lately false
Into a desperate melancholy, and your blood
Can no way purge so well as by
Performance of what I have declar'd.

Lady. Truth sir I weigh not at so high a rate, my life
That to prolong it to an irkesome age,
I should destroy my honour, neither doe I
Finde any such strange sicknesse raining on me
As you have urg'd; pray as you love me sir,
Unlesse you meane to drive me from
The house, repeat this argument no more.

Enter Sir Martine and Vrinall.

Urin. Why looke you sir, my master has
Perswaded her as much as lay in him, and

The Hollander.

He has a tounge able to cosen the divell : but twill not doe,
She is too honest believe it, for your nephew Sir *Martine*, shee
Has kept her chamber ever since she came,
None but my selfe has seene her.

Sir Mar. It shall be so, the holy law of heaven
Made us one individuall; the strickt league
Twixt man and wife, ought to confine both soules
To a most constant union, injur'd woman.

Lady. My husband and on the suddaine, speake you to me sir.

Vrin. His mouth open'd I'm sure, sir the Dutch Gentleman.

Dott. O my sonne *Sconce*, come hither *Vrinall*.

Lady. This acknowledgement cannot
Be serious from him, good Sir *Martine*
Has your wilde fancy not impos'd enough,
Temptations on my fraylty, that you come after
So many strange indignities, againe to delude me.

Sir Mar. 'Tis misery of customary sinners when they meane
A reall truth, then their precedent ills,
Deprive it credit, Madam not that night,
That sacred night which spread its starry wings,
(Like Curtaines shadowing the Altar) ore
Our Hymeneall couch: could witnesse more
Sincerity of indissolving love 'twixt us,
Then does this minute, if your soule,
(Which is so passive it may justly challenge
A Martyrs temper) can dispense with pas'd
Absurd distastes, and like a Saint for humane
Condition is too vengefull freely pardon
What I amisse have acted.

Lady. As you are my husband sir, and consequently my head.

Vrin. How many Lad ies in towne are of that minde.

Lady. And ought to be the guider of my youth,
I will not stand on that nice terme of honour,
With you whom duty ties me to observe
With more then superficial care, t' injoyne
A penance for your folly; the light smoake
Findes not a surer buriall in the ayre
(To whose embraces with ambitious haste

The Hollander.

On azure wings it soar'd) then has your guilt,
In this forgiving bosome, this pure kisse scales the agreement.

Sir Mar. She offred first too, and me thought she kis'd
As she would eate my lips, the ravenous touch *Sir Mar.*
Of her hot flesh has seard me up like grasse *starts.*
In summer time, and her fowle breath like blasts
Of Southerne windes, has quickned my dead fire
Of jealousye, nay rais'd it to a greater
Heat then my former.

Lady. What ayle you sir on the suddaine?

Sir Mar. Viper, toad, out of my presence, ere my just wak'd
Rage, get to its height, whence like a Falcon towring
At full pitch ore the trembling fowle, it will sease on thee.

Doct. Madam tis best to leave him, I feare he's absolutly fran-
ticke; *Vrinall* looke to him, least he act some violence on him-
selfe, please your Ladiship withdraw.

Lady. Soft patience guard my heart : wheres no offence,
one safely may rely on innocence.

Exit Lady and Doctor.

Vrin. Why sir *Martine*, how doe you sir? not speak? now by my
life, hee lookes like a staggerell newly come to his Hornes,
flings his head just in that manner they do not touch the feeling,
yet *Sir Martine* : in time they may be three and foure at top, and
serve to hang hats and cloakes on in the best knights hall in
towne.

Sir Mar. O *Vrinall*.

Vrin. O *Vrinall*, what a pittifull noate was there, that very
sound has almost crack'd me to pieces : *Sir Martine*, good *Sir*
Martine what ayles you? or rather what ayles your wife, that
you hum and haw so after kissing her, her breath is savory, I dare
bee sworne shee has neither eaten Onions nor drunke Aqua-
vitæ.

Sir Mar. O no, she is like a too ripe, so extreame sweet,
Shee poisons like the hony which small Bees
Sucke from the Aconite, the Panther so
Breaths odors pretious as the Sarmaticke gums
Of Easterne groves, but the delicious sent not taken in at
Distance choakes the sense with the too muskie favor.

The Hollander.

Urin. You should have kis'd her as the Court fashion is, upon the cheek, but pray sir, why are you so jealous: yet cannot prove your Lady has a trick with her toe, or turnes oftner then an honest woman (if shee do) had not you better like an old Stag, cast the cognisance of your order into the hedge, then like a wanton Pricket, runne full Butte at every one you meet, as who should say; take notice of my horns, I am ashamed of it so I am.

S. Mar. Do'st not believe I am? a hideous cuckold.

Urin. And must you needs cry Cuckow therefore. There are knights in towne who know their Ladies to be Hens oth' game, and live by tredding, yet like mettles Cokes they never hang the Gills for't, they are sure faire Gamesters use to pay the boxe well: especially at In, and In, (the Innes of Court Butlers would have had but a bad Christmas of it else) and what care they, so they can purchase plish, though their wives pay ith' hole for it.

Sir Mar. Can there be such monsters?

Urin. Monsters, they are men *Sir Martine*, such as you are; only they are velvet brow'd a little: but heare me Sir, if a man would venture faire offer to give a certaine knowledge of your wifes honesty.

Sir Mar. Doe that, and be my genius *Urinall*.

Urin. You would have an evill Angell of me, He tell you sir, my master intends privately this night to wed his daughter to the Dutch younker *Sconce*, the house will be at quiet, and your Lady left alone in her chamber, her sister *Mistris Knoworth*, being to goe to Church with them.

Sir Mar. What of this?

Urin. Soft and faire *Sir Martine*, I will ith' evening steale you into the Ladies chamber when she's in bed, come to her, and in the darke, (thats the only time to deale with a woman) (and as another man) trie what you can doe with her: if she consent (the worst) you doe but cuckold your selfe, if hold out, being a woman alone, in bed, and in the dark having a man standing by her, you may then conclude her an honest wife, and your jealousie foolish, as your vexation needlesse, you thinke I have no wit now I warrant.

Sir Mar. According as my soule could wish.

Urin. Why law you then, who's the fooole now? *Sir Martine*
come

The Hollander.

come in the evening, I will not faile you.

Sir Mar. Nor I hopes of triall, fare you well,
A jealous man has in his heart his hell.

Ex. Sir Mar.

Vrin. well knight, if I doe not fit your jealous head, let me bee
sung in ballads for an erranter coxcombe then your selfe.

Enter Mistris Artlesse, Mistris Mixum, and Dalinea.

Mist. Art. Well said minx, you will not have him : but you had
best consider and doe as : I and your father would have you : or
you shall trudge for it, you shall be his wife.

Mist. Mix. Nay in sadnesse Mistris *Dal.* you are too blame, the
gentleman is an honest gentleman, I and a kinde man I warrant
him to a woman ; your mother and I have made triall of him,
and finde him of a very good disposition, come chicke you shall
have him.

Mrs. Art. Nay let her chuse and bee hangd, proud baggage
who will refuse a gentleman of my owne chusing, but Ile send
him to you and see if thou darst deny him, for thy life, come
Mistris *Mixum.*

Exeunt Mistris Artlesse and Mistris Mixum.

Dal. Was ever innocent virgin thus betrayd
By cruelty of parents, who for wealth
Have sold my youth to slavery, the cold
Ashes of injurd maids surround my heart,
Or some divine dew, stead of blood replenish
My swelling veins, circle my thought with Ice,
Thou power of chastity, that like the fresh
Primrose uncropt, by any hand, I may
Returne my selfe as pure and white
To earth, as when I came from't.

Vrin. How doe you Mistris *Dal.* alas poore gentlewoman,
would they have thee coverd with a Frisland horse, a Dutch Stal-
lion : now shame upon their foules that wish it, he's neighing
here already.

Enter Sconce.

Scon. *Vrinall*, my cosen *Fortresse* and the rest oth' Knights will
be here presently ; pray you prepare the musicke and the wine,

The Hollander.

I would not faile in the moſt diminute ceremony.

Vrin. Oſa moſt abſolute coxcombe, I ſhall provide them ſir.

Exit Vrinall.

Dal. Now begins my horror, the fatal Bell ſhould it proclaim my death, were ſpheare-like muſicke to his night-crowes voyce; yet I muſt heare it and retaine my ſenſe, continue ſubject to a daily noyſe from the ill boding monſter.

Scon. Lady or Madamofell, Vſe or Seniors what you pleaſe, or in what language to be entituled the Miſtris of my thoughts, the complemental garbe is cuſtomary, and though I have learn'd by converſation with the Twibill Knights to kiſſe my hand, believe me I had rather beſtow my lips on yours; our naturall Dutch contracting is the beſt, without deceit or ſhadow, there we only goe to th' taverne and be ungue browd, then drunke together. Ther's all our ceremony, and tis lawfull marriage too.

Dal. Would you would ſir, better conſider with your ſelfe and mach where your own cuſtomes are obſerv'd, my feare my quality will never ſuite the liking of your Dutch manners.

Scon. Manners Lady, you miſtake I've none at all; ere we will diſagree about manners, He be as clowniſh as an Upland Bore, ſoutra, tell a Dutch man of manners?

Dal. Yet ſir have ſo much charity.

Scon. We deteſt that worſe then the former, tis Papiſticall, and was with that religion baniſh'd our reform'd Common-wealth; but to our buſineſſe, pretty ſoule, I ſhall give thee touch men and get a burger of thee.

Dal. Gentle ſir, there ought to be in manhood a divine Pitty, believe me as I tender truth,
I cannot ſet the ſmalleſt of my thoughts
On your ill welcome love, therefore I beſeech you
Not to proceed in my unfortunate match
Which will be fatal to us both, for goodneſſe
Have ſo much mercy on me

Scon. An excellent touch that, as if there could be mercy in a Dutch-man, and to a woman? if there had beene any, the Nuns at Tilmont had not beene us'd ſo horribly laſt ſummer: why ſhould you ſay you cannot love me? tis a faile touch I me certaine of it, I ſhall know anone, till when receive your lips in pledge
that

The Hollander.

that no such words shall issue forth of them, adieu Lady,
anone we must to the old touch of Matrimony. *Ex. Sco.*

Dal The hand of death
Shall give me first a bride to some darke grave,
Where I will mixe with wormes before the Priest
Knit so unjust an union, the kinde grasse
Will sure be greene still on my Sepulchre, and spotlesse
Virgins annually dance a fairy ring about it.

Enter Vrinall and Poppingay in disguised clothes.

Vrin. Now if you doe not catch a Roach in her troubled waters,
I shall conclude you a gudgeon : speake to her, a woman has e-
ver a hole open to receive a mans tale, believe it you shall have
my assistance, and if I doe not second you confidently, may my
tongue be cramped, my wit breech'd; and the machina of my in-
vention ruind perpetually.

Pop. Fairest creature.

Dal. Had you said wretched'st, Mistris you had given me
My proper attribute.

Pop. Can there be on earth,
A savagenesse so great as will conspire
To afflict so rich a goodnesse? yet by your eyes
Adorn'd by those cleare pearles which doe transforme
Even sorrow to a lovelinesse beyond
Indifferent beauty, I conceive some fiend
Rested in humane shape (for man would never
Have dar'd so vile a sacrilege) in hope
By your pure teares, t'extinguish his owne flames.
Caus'd this distemper in you.

Vrin. Pish you are long to speed, be
Short and quick, that pleases Ladies.

Pop. I had a younger brother, though not fully blest
In your sweet knowledge, yet once his tounge
Was his hearts bold embassador, and deliver'd:
A true narration of his zealous love,
Which is in him so permanent, that when
his eares receive a notice that your faith.

The Hollander.

Is plighted to another, twill be Juice
Of balefull hemlocke to his braine, convert it
Either to suddaine madnesse or a sleep, cold and erelasting.

Dal. I remember once a nephew of Sir *Martines* did sollicit
That which he term'd my love, but I conceiv'd
His meaning rather was to cause discourse,
Then that his strict intention had resolved
His promises performance.

Vrin. Did I not tell you she would come about?

Pop. Trust me Lady, the solitary Nightingale who sings
To her lost honour a harmonious ditty,
Loves not the thorne so dearely, to whose pricks
She sets her featherd bosome, as I'm sure
My brother tenders you, the gawdy light
May sooner be obscur'd by wandering sinoake :
Nay the eternall essence of the soule
Become corpo reall and revisite earth,
After its flight to paradise, ere he
Descend to variation of his love, could you affect him.

Dal. Had your brother been
Of the same disposition and soft sweetnesse
That I perceive in you (though this be our
First enterview) there could not have beene molded
(Had I beene borne to entertaine loves heat)
A man that would so fitly sympathize
With my condition, nor whom I should fancy
With more intire perfection.

Vrin. Strike home, and sure the iron's hot already,

Pop. Behold him Lady,
Whose every motion does as from the spheare,
Receive a lively influence from your looks ;
The modest silence of the temperate Even,
When zephire softly murmurs to the flowers
A wholesome farewell undisturb'd by stormes,
May sooner rest in one continued night,
Then can my soule in quiet without just
Assurance of your love, which if you grant,
Times native Belman, the shield Organd Cocke

Shall

The Hollander.

Shall cease to carroll Mattens to the morne,
The carely Larke that whispers to the Sun
A constant Augury of a beauteous day,
Shall lose his light plumes in the checkerd Clouds,
Ere I my resolute chastity, nor can you
Invent evasions to declare my suite,
Since on its grant relies the only hopes
Of your redemption from the barbarous armes,
Of him you were espous'd to.

Dal. This surprize,
And your strong vowes would batter a resolve,
Downe in a brest that could be flexible
To easy love, but since I cannot frame
My conscience to a warrantable zeale
Toward any man, Ile rather fixe my hate
(For that must of necessity accrue
To him that weds me) on a person worthy
Contempt, then on your selfe, whose worth does challenge
A noble and reciprocall regard
For your affection, blessings on ye sir, thinke not amisse of me.

Exit Dalinea.

Vrin. Now the curse of a tedious virginity light on ye, you
will not be tupp'd by a Dutch Ram, a Hausen Kender, a West-
fally Bore-pig, now the iniquity of a swagbellied Hollands
Burgers get thee with childe of a dropsie, if thou marriest him,
why how now Master *Popingay*, stroken with a Plannet? tis a fe-
male Star, as changeable as the Moone, goe to your chamber, I
heare company approaching, this Dutch Butter-Firkin shall bee
melted to grease ere he shall have her, trust to it.

Pop. Passion on passion fall when hopes are spent,
The best of comforts is a forc'd content.

Exit.

Vrin. So here comes my blades, now plot but hit,
And *Vrinall* shall be stil'd the Lord of wit.

Exit.

Enter Sconce, Fortresse, and Knights.

Scon. Cosen *Fortresse* welcome, welcome Captaine *Pirke*, va-
liant brothers, nay gentlemen, then your accoutrements be of
the

The Hollander.

the vulgar use, be not daunted, tis hereditary to Low Country souldiers to weare off reckonings, the time shall come the little worine shall weave, and silken tribute pay to men of service, give me your hands gentlemen, I shall be one of you anone, but Cosen *Fortresse*, what bashfull youth is that that dares not thrust his nose out of his coate, for feare the winde should blow it to his face, ha?

Fort. Tis flat enough already, this my Jo, nay shew thy Philonmy, h^e is our quondam trusty attendant, but now Knight of the Twibill, Pithagoras Pig.

Scon. Is this the famous off-spring of great hog? we should be kindred certainly, my Ancestors were Bores, give me thy fore-f^t or firrha, and tell me coz, why dost not wander into a new skin? this begins to crackle vilely.

Purk. O tis for want of basting sir.

Fort. No my Jo, hee casts his skin but once a yeare, like the poore snake: well, he has done our Order speciall service; but coz, where are the preparations the vancarriers coz, to the solemnity of your instalment? renounce me, if you vilifie the institution by disregard of properties, this hand shall never crosse the Twibill ore thy head, nor give thee thy avant chevalier, while thou art mortall my Jo, I say I shall not.

Purk. No matter sir *Sconce*, by the head of valor, my selfe shall dub thee.

Fort. Who you King *Twadle*? Muthrome you dub him?

Purk. Yes, *I Gog, Magog*, I dub him *Garantui*. *Ent. Vrin.*

Scon. Nay good cosen *Fortresse*, Captaine *Purke*, this *Vrinall* I could eⁿe si. I him to the brim with curses, but here's my agent; come where are the musitioners *Vrinall*?

Vrin. They will bee loud enough by and by, I warrant you.

Fort. This is legitimate blood of the Spanish grape my Jo.

Scon. Lusty sacke credit me coz, twill give the touch, *Vrinall* make fast the doore, and leave us: and give us notice if any body approach.

Vrin. What haste this gull makes to cheat himselfe in private, must the musicke enter? *Exit Vrin.*

Fort. No by no meanes, weel call to them through the doore, varlet avoide. Now

The Hollander.

Now coz, to beginne our ceremony : first, drinke to me.

Scon; I like it well when it begins with drinks , tis a signe twill end merrily ; this cup is abominable to little , one can scarce wet his whistle out of it, it shall be this goblet, a vostre grace, coz *Fortresse*.

Fort. Sir *Pithagoras* we doe create you skinker , it shall goe round my blades, you shall dible in liquor of account; here brother *Make-shift*. *Make*, Gramercies Captaine.

Pirk. Choake you sir, learne manners , offer to drinke before betters, tis an affront to seniority, destroy me if I can suffer this, no forsake me Captaine I cannot.

Scon. There was a touch for you brother *Make-shift*, but good little *Pirke* be patient.

Mak. This Preface is very Canonical my *Jo*, nay, I shal learn the phrases instantly. *Pig*. Have you all had it brothers ?

Pig. All but my selfe Sir *Holofernes*.

Scon. Who my coz *Pig*, off sup off thy wash my *Jo*, at worst thou canst but be swine-drunke ; but coz, shall we dispatch? I long to be instald.

Fort. I now we'l to't, come hither Captaine , sing the hymne preparatory to Knight-hood, but wet your pipes first, Ganimed, they'l squeake the better.

Scon. An admirable touch this, what's next troe? *Song*.

Fort Now coz *Sconce*, our Order does constraine us to a frisk, a dance about you, as the Fairies tred about their great King *Oberen*.

Pirk. But can this musicke play the Twibill dance , none else will satisfie.

Scon. Musicke you must play the Twibill dance he sayes, dance so while.

Dance. They dance, the wine shall tread a sink apace into my belly, you have lost one of your best heels co sen.

Fort. No me *Jo*, twas off before the ceremony is halfe accomplish'd, you are our wardrobe keeper, brother *Knocke downe* have you brought the vestments of our Order ?

Knocke. Fuse Captaine not I.

Pirk. Rot me sir, you would be made to fetch them.

For. How, not our robes of honor the ensignes of our chevalry?

Knock. Sink me, sir you know they are in tribulation.

The Hollander.

For. Hell take the Broker : we must perforce imploy one of our owne suits.

Knock. Take my Buffe Jerkin Captaine.

Make. Death keepe it on, you'll shew your dirty shirt.

Pirke. Found you sir, you lye : I fathome in your guts, hee has none on.

Make. How, sonne of foule Adultery, the lye ?

For. What doe you blunder, whiffles Pigge, are you grunting too : shall I whet my Twibill on your bones mips of debility?

Scon. Nay, Cosen, Gentlemen rather than you shall fall out, Ile be content to beedub'd in my own cloathes : nay pray you Gentlemen.

For. Tis against order, and we must observe ceremony.

Scon. O by all meanes Coz.

For. First then receive this cap of maintenance.

Scon. Cap of Maintenance doe you call it ? I will maintaine when this old Cap was new, 'twas a Dutch felt, but now tis nine degrees below a straw Hat ; I doe not like this touch : but Coz I shall have my Bever agen I hope ?

Fort. How ? suspicious my *Io* : Brother *Knockdowne* disroab his necke of this old linnen, favours of a winding-sheet : this is *Decimo Sexto*, feares no rumpling ; Now Cosen *Sconce*, you must discusse your doublet.

Scon. That will be damn'd instantly ; pray heaven my skinne scape.

For. Here sir, receive this Military Cassocke, 't has seene service.

Scon. 'Thas been shot through both the Elbowes ; this Military Cassocke has I feare, some Military hangbyes : this Twibill Knight-hood is but a lousie Order, would I had ne're medled with it.

Fort. Now you appeare something above an Embrio : *Make-shift* helpe to untrusse his breeches.

Scon. I shall be whipt instantly : But Cozen *Fortresse*, is there no redemption for my Breeches ?

Pirke. Summe me Captaine, tis not requisite he should put off his Breeches.

Scon.

The Hollander.

Scon. Thankes good Captaine *Pirke*, twas a friendly touch that.

Pir. May not his transitory money serve to excuse his breeches?

Fort. To him it may.

Pir. A Twibill Knight ought to regard no money, but the glistering Steele.

Scon. Well, since it must be so, there take my money.

Knock. Paw sir, you lose the priviledge of the Order, if you respect your money.

Scon. Now doe I looke like ——— as if I were new come from the Lottery : or what say you Sir *Holofernes*, to the Picture of the Prodigal in the painted Cloath? Sure I have now perform'd all the Ceremonies ; if not, I me sure I have nothing else left to performe withall.

Fort. So, now kneele downe, while thus I thee create : *Jeremias Sconce*, Knight of the order of Twibill. Now avaunt Chevalcire.

Omn. Health to our worthy Brother, *Jeremias Sconce*, Knight of the Twibill.

Fort. But brothers, there is Sacke yet to be drunke, in Celebration of this Knight-hood.

Scon. I like this drinking heartily; there's some goodnesse in't: will you beginne, my Captaine Generall ; Ile call you so now.

Fort. *Pythagoras*, fill his Bowle up. Capt. *Pirke* this *Cornucopia* To my Leiftenant Generalls health: Ile call you so now.

Scon. A place of Marke and Charge that.

Pirke. Man of valour, respect this Cup to the health of our Leift, Generall.

Mark. A vous brother *Knock* downe.

Knock. Here Sir *Barrabas*.

Scon. Altogether gentlemen, a health Musitians, *Sound.*
Gentlemen all *tres humblement servitude vostre* : I ha done you right.

Fort. Expect me so ; heart of my father, you must for consummation of your installment, drinke a cup a piece to each of us.

Scon. Twas my intention Generall : to you all in generall, helpe *Pith.* let it be be two Captaine , tis pittty to put so many worthy men in a pint pot.

Perk. Soule of my valour, y'are shap'd sir, you must drinke five together.

The Hollander.

Scor. Y^e are wanton Captaine, a wag upon my Knight-hood, you meane to measure the profundity of my belly, twill bee a hard taske to doe it to a Dutch-man — looke you Captaine.

Fort. Thou shalt be my *Bacchus Io*, he drinckes as if hee had eaten Pickle Herring.

Scor. This Cup was as deepe as Fleet-street Conduit. Sound me my *Io*, I ha' made a new River in my Belly, and my Guts are the Pipes : Tother cup good wreckling, vertue shall be vertue still, so long as I can stand Captaine.

Fort. That will not be long I hope.

Enter Vrin.

Scor. This Coller spoyles my drinking, or else this Sack has horse-flesh in't, it rides upon my stomacke. O *Urinall*, I me a Knight of the Twibill honest *Urinall*.

Vrin. Take heede you'll crush me sir to pieces. Gentlemen yonder are the Constables at the doore to apprehend Captaine *Fortresse*.

Scor. Some more sacke sirrah, I shall be married anon.

For. That's I, tis for the linnen brothers : Hell my *Io*, how shall I scape them ?

Scor. More Sacke sirrah, the tother touch sweet Pig, the tother touch.

Vrin. There is no way but one sir, they have beset the house ; my Master is perswading them. Follow mee, Ile by a backe way set you safely out with your company.

For. Noble *Vrinall* : come Blades here's purchase for us.

Exit Urinall cum Knights.

Scor. This is but foure Cups. captaine Cosen Pigge, *Skinke* my parting Cup, and then I me gone : ha ! where be you Gentlemen, I am not blinde, or play you at Boe-peep ? they are gone, this is a pretty touch, my touch my *Jo*, with my money and Cloathes, a prettier touch still, let me see, they have left some Sacke behind them, there's my comfort yet.

Ent. Popping.

Who's this ? my wife that must bee.

and Louing in

Come hither wife, thou seest the worst of me *womans cleashe*. I am but drunke : Kisse me *Borankee* : never feare, I will not spoyle thy gorget. Hark in thy eare my *Jo*, shall I have a gentle touch ? twill doe no harme, wee are to be married anon thou know'st ; I shall get wise children on thee.

Lov.

The Hollander?

Loe. What wouldst thou ravish me libidinous Swine?
Strive, and thou dyest. *He strikes up his heels.*

Scen. 'Twas an unkinde touch that, my *Lo,* you might have
falne under me, 't had beene the fitter place for a woman, pray
helpe me up agen.

Loe. Yes, to thy death, if thou deny t' performe what I en-
joyne thee.

Scen. How, kill a Knight of the Twibill, and in the Ensignes
of his owne Order, ere it shall be said to the disgrace of Knight-
hood, that any of the fraternity was kild by a woman, Ile doc
any thing: Lead on, Ile follow you.

Pop. Thus they must strive,
Who in loves subtle Merchandise will thrive. *Excunt.*

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Doctor, Vrinall, Mrs. Artlesse, and Mrs. Mixem.

Doct. **T**His stealth was unexpected, tis almost
Beyond believe, my daughter should thus change
Her perverse humour, and embrace his love
Which when I motion'd to her, the darke shade
Seem'd not a greater enemy to blest light
Than she appeard to it: and that she should
Cosen my hopes, and without me her mother,
Or any friend resigne her will to his,
And strike the match up, puzzles my best faith,
Though I rejoyce at it.

Vrin. You have reasons fir to doe so, your daughter had more
wit then you expected, tis the quality of maids, to deny what
they desire: had you but seene how nimble shee trod over the
threshold, you would have sworne she had beene mad of the
match: I stood and heard him aske her: shall wee goe to the
H 3 Church?

The Hollander.

Church answerd she, ist not too late quoth he agen, never too late to doe well replied she agen: (though it were at midnight) and then the Dutch younker tooke her up into a (what doe you call it) a sedan (and heaven speed) away they went, marry to what Church, he's gone I know not, only I heard him sweare he would not come at Pencridge.

Mrs. Art. And why not ; tis an ancient Church, and all old things must not be cast away, there has beene many an honest couple given to the lawfull bed there, so there has.

Vrin. No matter for that, he protested he would be marryd in a Taverne ere that pencridge, there's no drinke nere it, but at the Pinder of Wakefield, and thats abominable, and he has vowd to season their bargain with a cup of Sacke ere they returne.

Mist. Art. Hee will not bee drunke on's wedding night I hope ; my daughter would have a sweet bed-fellow of him, if he should.

Vrin. There is another loving couple gone with them too for company, who will be man and wife if the Priest say Amen to it.

Doct. who are they of our knowledge ?

Vrin. O yes sir, tis Master *Lovering*, the attendant to Master *Knoworth*, and Sir *Martines* Niece that came but yesterday.

Doct. Is't possible? twas some flie policy of her Uncles to bring her hither, Master *Lovering* knew her before it seemes.

Vrin. Too well I feare sir, they would not have marryd in such post haste else.

Mrs. Mix. Well Master Doctor, I hope my gloves shall bee better then the ordinary, I had no small hand in this match, you know.

Doct. Tis nine a clocke at least : twill not be long ere they returne, wife pray goe in and see all things in readinesse for their lodgings.

Mist. Art. They will have more stomacks to their beds then to their suppers.

Doct. To morrow we'l celebrate their nuptiall feast : *Vrin* all be you carefull of the doores ; let none come in but our owne company.

Vrin.

The Hollander.

Vrin. He locke them up, and keepe the keyes my selfe fir, *Mrs. Mixum* your husband is with them, and in his absence I would desire a word with you.

Mrs. Mix. I love to talke with any man in my husbands absence ; sweet *Vrinall* I will fulfill your pleasure, will you goe Mistris ?

Ex. Vrin. Mrs. Art. & Mrs. Mix.

Vrin. So now have at her.

Doct. Have I not plotted finely ? has my braine not won the lawrell garland the famd breath
That waits the honor of deserving wits
Among the humorous multitude (as lowd
As it speakes conquering triumphs) shall proclaime
My politicke merit, who have raised my selfe
From worse then no name in the judging world,
To an indifferent wealth, which though I've got
By wayes sinister, such as erre from truth :
Nay might incurre a punishment no eyes
Has ere discern'd them, but with wonder how
I should atchieve such fortune, now compleat
In this alliance.

Enter Lady Yellow and Knoworth.

Lady. Sister let's to our chambers and to bed,
That time approaches.

Doct. Your good Ladiship (I hope) will honour me so much
As for an houre to dispense with rest,
And see my bride in bed.

Lady. Your bride good Master Doctor, who should that be ?
I understand you not.

Doct. My daughter Ladies, that to me
And all the house seem'd so averse from marriage,
Is this night stolne forth with younker *Sconce*,
And is by this time wedded to him.

Lady. Beyond wonder, well fir,
We'l have her bride garters, it shall goe
Hard else, sister could you have thought it ?

Doct. You may both credit it, instantly they will returne, and
Then he wait upon you.

Exit Doctor.

Lady.

The Hollander.

Lady. I pittie the poore girle,
That she should be so suddaine in her choyce,
Enthrall her soule ith' manacles of fate,
(For such are nuptiall bonds) experience sister
Inforces me to lament her. *Know.* How equally we two
Divide true sorrow, sympathize in griefe,
As in our blood and nature : sister you
When your affectionate fancy fix'd your heart
Upon your husbands love, had no suspicion
Of his unmanly jealousie, and I
When I confin'd my love to *Freewits* breast,
Judg'd him as void of falshood, as the spring
When it has rested in green robes, the Earth is
Of bare nakednesse, but we are both
Deceiv'd by our credulity.

Lady. For you, discretion may release you from the care
Of his affection, you are free (as light)
(Which in the darkeſt night retaines some ſplendor)
From the obedient ſlavery, due to marriage;
But I no burne-mark'd captive is engag'd
With more officious zeale to ſerve his Lord,
Then I my husband, I muſt either periſh
Like the chaſte ice, when from a Chriſtall Rocke,
It feeles a ſad conversion into fowle
Corrupted waters, by his jealous flames;
Or breake thoſe ties whole diſſolution
Would betray my innocent vertue to a ruine,
Sure and eternall.

Know. But yet counſell me,
I love this man ſo that if honour would

Diſpenſe with his offence, I ſhould forgive him,
And take him to my boſome. *Lady.* Alasſe you cannot,
What noble ſoule (though halfe ſtarv'd) would be fed with
Baſe reverſions, conſcience too forbids

Enter Urin.

The ſupplantation of another, ſiſter ſtrive to forget him.

Urin. Mrs. there is a gentleman without, has knockt for entrance as if he had beene a Conſtable, his buſineſſe is with you, and his name *Freewit*; I told him you were in bed, and he ſwore he would come to you through the doore, ſhall I admit him?

Know.

The Hollander.

Know. This is his last night, his business carries weight, pray let him in. Be now propitious Love: is any with him?

Vrin. There is enough of him; unless he made less noise, I'll send him to you.

Lady. Sister, now give him his latest answer, and resolve Upon some choice more happy: here he comes. *[Enter Freewit]*

Know. How, as a Bridegroom? Deckt with the Ensignes of young Nuptials, A wreath of Flowers, and Bayes, and yet me thinks His hand displayes a Willow: what should this Embleme? Master *Freewit* we scarce expected you thus late.

Free. You'll please to afford my manners an indulgent pardon, For pressing to your presence thus: but tis Perhaps our extremest interview, and so May challenge the prerogative of excuse, For the audacious errour.

Know. Would I could, with as much safety to my honour, grant Remission to your other fault.

Free. My thanks, are humble debtors to you for it, Mistris, The nimble minutes have with crafty theft, Stolne time away, reduc'd your limited houre To an unwelcome period: I have fought With the same diligence good men seeke heaven, What you injoyn'd me, but the raine that falls In Summer time upon the parched dust, May easier be restor'd to the moist Clouds, Then she to my discovery. Wherefore since Her losse is certaine, and the losse of you Depends on her, to satisfie your soule That I have in an about me, I am come With the same confidence your scorne has taught me, To tell you, I as lightly prize your love, *(owne desire.* As you have valued mine: nor can you blame me, since 'twas your

Know. Credit me I'm very glad on't: but pray tell me sir, Why you come thus adorned with Nuptiall wreathes *(sion* Into my presence? is't to invite me to your wedding, or express Of your contempt, I have not merited so harsh an usage.

Free. Neither: This branch of forsaken Willow I resigne To your owne wearing, that when after times

Shall know our mutuall parting; 't may report,
That we were both forsaken, though we sever
With the unwillingnesse that flourishing trees,
Divest themselves of greenenesse, yet no ble misse
Of harsh unkindnesse shall defile our thoughts:
We'll part faire, though for ever. (her from him.)

Lady. This gentleman seems so noble, I repent that I advis'd

Free. This Laurell wreath, that circles
My uncaptiv'd brow, I doe justly challenge,
Since I have conquerd the greatest enemy,
Mankind can combate (passion) yet the dew
(That on the red lips of the blushing Rose
Bestowes a weeping kisse) leaves not so sadly
The amorous flower, that curls its purple leaves,
To hide it from the Suns enforcing Rayes,
As doe my thoughts your memory, which did once
Preserve it as inviolable, as heaven
Does the bright soules of innocents. *Know.* You might
Have had so much humanity, as to have kept
Your purpose to your selfe: though your loose sinne
Constraines my honour to renounce your love,
I would not have my eares disturb'd with this
Relation of your contempt, for for
Trust me I take it *Freemitt.* (truth,

Free. Why, good Madam? can you condemne my too officious
Of a conceite of falshood, when the spring
Of my Revolt, derives its head from yours.
You for a triviall, and scarce knowne offence,
Could without scruple banish me your heart,
When Angels should, for a desertlesse kisse
From an impure lip, have renounc'd their blisse,
Ere the most urgent reason of suspect,
Should upon me have practis'd a contempt
Of you: Had not your breath expos'd a mist
Of infidelity before the eyes
Of my cleare seeing soule, and left it blinde
As the blacke Mole, that like a Pioner digs
A winding Labyrinth through the earth to finde
A passage to the comfortable light,
He never has fruition of.

Lady. But sir, suppose my sister did it for a prooffe,
Of your affection, and now should reclaime
The harsh prescription she impos'd, you would not
Continue in this temper.

Free. Madam ever. The Cedars juyce, whose bitter poyson gives
The most strong body unavoyded death,
Preserves the Carcasse by its dying force,
Voyd of corruption : so has dealt her love
With me ; its reclamation strucke me dead,
And since my Exequies has kept my heart
From entertaining a corrupt regard
Of future slavery,

Enter Doct. Vrin. Mrs. Artlesse.

Vrin. They are entred, sir, I heard Mr. *Mix.* say as I let them in,
that they were married.

Enter Mixum with a Torch, Poppingaies in Sconce his cloaths, leading Dalinea: Lovering leading Sconce attired in Poppingaies womans cloaths:

Mix. Nay, come an end gentlemen and your wives, Mr. Doctor wil
not be angry though I have usurp'd his office, and beene the father to
his daughter. *Doct.* You are not a cunning baggage? you would
none forsooth when I propos'd it to you ; but when the fit came on
you, you could then runne madding, and never let the Sexton ring
the Bell to give us notice : had it beene any one but Mr. *Sconce*, you
should have sought a portion ; but since to him, we pardon it : take her
sonne, heavens give thee joy of her.

Vri. You would scarce say so, knew you as much as I doe.

Pop. We thanke you sir, and rest your dutifull children.

Lad. Ha! my Nephew *Poppingay*!

Doct. Mr. *Poppingaies*, Sir *Martins* Nephew ! I am abus'd, undone,
my daughter's cousend *Vrinall*, a trick put on mee, Mr. *Poppingay* to
wed my daughter. *Pop.* Twas with her owne consent Sir, and
she my wife by your free gift.

Mrs. Art. Your wife, your whore she is as soone, she is Master
Sconces wife, and that you shall finde, so you shall, let me come to
the baggage husband, Ile scratch her eyes out.

Doct. Ere he shall enjoy her, Ile spend the best part of my wealth
he shall not have a penny portion with her, depart my house I charge
you : *Vrinall* call in my neighbours, ere Ile be us'd thus.

Vrin. Harke you sir, you know I know you and your wayes.

Doct. What talk'st thou varlet?

The Hollander.

Vrin. Go to, be patient, then give this gentleman your daughter ;
may be friends, and love him too, or all shall out.

Dott. Then wilt not betray me villaine?

Vrin. But I shall discover you and your practises, nay to the Justice,
This gentleman is the same Sir *Martin* brought hither as his Niece.

Dott. Plots upon plots against me.

Vrin. But the great one is still behinde : if you will be friends
quickly with them, so ; if not, your impostures all come out.

Dott. Is it even so ? well since I am ore-reach'd,
Better sit downe in peace, than with disgrace :

Mr. *Poppingay* consideration of your just desert,

Now his perswasion has suppress'd my heat,

Enjoyns me to forgive your loving theft ;

Accept my daughter with as good a heart

As she is mine : come hither wife, say you so too ?

Mrs. Art. Nay, since you say it, it must be so.

Pop. Humbly I thanke you : such another gift,

Should Nature offer all her pretious store,

Could not be given Mortality : but truly sir,

I had much adoë to winne her.

Dal. You have me now ;

But I professe untill we came to be

Conjoyn'd ith' Church, I tooke you for Mr. *Sconce*, but now rejoyce

I was deceived so, I shall study to love you.

Dott. Now you name, where is Mr. *Sconce* ?

Scen. Tis my cue now. O father *Pine* here they have given mee a

touch, a very scurvy touch, I am a brother of the Twibills, and I am

married too, but I need not feare being a Cuckold.

Vrin. Mrs. you know the Gent.

Know. My servant *Louering* married to Mr. *Sconce* !

You'll get brave boyes I doubt not.

Scon. I and wenches too ; come hither, we will be man and wife,

that's certaine, nay and lie together, so we will, you shall behave

your self well enough like a woman : but that you have a stiff impe-

diment for bearing Children : but give me thy hand, shal's be drunk

together? *Vrin.* He is scarce sober yet I thinke.

Scon. Let tell you father, ere I went to the Church I had gotten a

touch in the Crowne, the Twibil Knights, confusion on them my Jo,

had made me drunke, and got my cloathes, and how I came by these

I know

The Hollander.

I know not : But ha, let me see, this should be my suite, tis it, by valour it is : doe you heare good man Foxe , how crept you into this Lyons case ? *Pop.* What meanes this new married man ?

Scon. Do you jeare me, with a touch of that ? harke you husband, Though *I* be your wife, you shall not hinder me from claiming my owne Breeches. Mistris a word with you too, you put a gentle touch upon me did you not ? But *I* shall know you hereafter , Ile say no more, and touch you boldly for it.

Lov. Y^e are very merrily dispos'd Sir : had it not beene to have done Sir *Martines* Nephew, *I* should not have beene fool'd so. Ile trie his temper though.

Know. No matter *Louving* thou art a Gent. And since *I* am resolv'd from Master *Freewit*, That heele not have me now (though *I* were willing) To roote the least remembrance of him Out of my breast, by this my happyer choyse, Ile marry thee.

Scon. But let him marry you though if he dare, ile sue the Statute of Bigamy upon him, he shall be hang'd for being double married.

Free. In this one act She onely appeares woman, all her Saint, Speake her a Saint. *I* did not thinke her heart Could have resum'd (though' *I* had rejected me) A baser choyse. Sir you've good Fortune : Mrs *I* will not wish you ill successe in your So suddaine Love : but it was cruell in you To give away your soule, (as in despight) In my loath'd presence : yet to shew how much *I* prize your satisfaction, *I* resigne My interest in you to him, and thus freely Bestow him on you : will you have him Lady ?

Pulls of Loverings Periwigs, he is discovered to be Martha.

Lady. Heaven blesse me sister, this is the same maid Whom Master *Freewit* is reported to have Got with Child : this is strange.

Free. Nay, be not amazed Mistris it is she : You had best call her to a strict account How long tis since *I* lay with her.

Know. O *Freewit*, what meanes this mad delusion ?

The Hollander.

Scor. My wife turn'd a woman indeed : this is a touch indeed, I had best be gone, for feare she challenge me.

Vrin. O stay your patience good Mr. *Sconce*.

Free. Now let heaven, and all that can be titled good beneath Divinity, conjoyne to frame a piece Of vertue great as this; yet be deficient In the atchievement; for some cunning Artift To draw her in this posture (to be plac'd (In Alablaster, white as her owne figure) Or some Greene meade, or flowry valley, where Posterity of Virgins yearly might Offer a teare to the blest memory Of perfect feminine goodnesse. Let me dye, Gazing on you, and I shall flye to heaven Through your bright eyes. *Doct.* Sir, what meanes this extasie?

Free. He tell you, and Mrs trust each word, As the just accent of Oraculous truth : Knowing your ardent love to me, I feard It might embrace a change, and therefore shap'd this woman In the habit of a man, got her unknowne to you, Prefer'd to serve you : (which she could not have bin without Discovery, in her owne shape) not to o're-looke your life, Or watch your actions, but to raise report That I had bin false : so to trye if that Would stagger your resolve, which I have found So noble, that the happinesse of Fates Can give no more addition to my blisse. Madam beg you my pardon.

Know. O sir you have it, and I my best of wishes, but why did you Employ a woman thus disguis'd, suppose She had beene got with childe, you must Have beene the father of it.

Free. I knew she was too honest, and beside, I put her to the acting of't, because She being the accuser of me for her selfe Might without the least scruple of suspect Free me from her owne calumny, nay here's another Can witnesse this for truth.

Know. How *Vrinall* Master Doctor's man turnd to *Trifflous* Mr.

— *Free*—

The Hollander.

Freemits man, and *Maribies* brother? *Vrin*. So it appeares by the story Mrs. I am glad sir you put my sister in this disguise, she has got a good husband by the shift, take your wife sir, she is no worse a woman then my owne sister.

Scon. But let me see and feele you better, it is no periwigge this but are you my husband, a woman, wife? *Lev*. I your wife am sir.

Sc. n. Master Doctor you wish me well I know, I have married here I know not whom, you have excellent salves and unguents sir.

Dost. They are at your service all. *Scon*. Thanke you good Mr. Doctor, have you never a one that will eat off the wen of manhood, make all whole before that will eunuchise a man, I would faine be a Hermaphrodite, or a woman to escape this match, I do not like it.

Enter Mrs. Mixum.

Mrs. Mix. Help gentlemen, help Mr. Doctor, yonder is a man would ravish me whether I would or no, nay kild me, I thinke he has puld out the longest naked weapon, O there he is.

S. Mar. She shall not scape me were she *Ent. S. Mar. drawne.*
Fenc'd with fire, strumpet thou diest.

Dost. Who's this, Sir *Martin*, what doe you meane sir?

Mrs. I. this is he *Thomas* doe you see what a terrible thing hee has got? was that fit to use to a woman? I was but laid in the next roome, to sleepe, and he would have done something to mee so hee would, had not I beene the honestest woman.

Lady. Is't so Sir *Martine*? I have now just cause To suspect your loyalty, and that your fond Jealousie proceeds out of intemperate lust, Could I not serve, but underneath my nose You must be rioting upon another?

Sir Mart. Shame and confusion sease me.

Vrin. You may see Sir what comes of your jealousy, but feare not Sir, your wife will pardon it, there's no harme done.

Mrs. Mix. But there might have beene, had not my honesty been the greater. *Lady*. Well Sir *Martine*, though you have injurd Me most infinitely, I doe remit all if you will protest Nere to be jealous more.

S. Mar. Amasement and my shame binders my utterance, Let me breath in sighes my true repentance, And henceforth That jealousy in man is't be unjust Is ill, nay worse then in a womans lust.

Know,

The Hollander.

Know. But pray you brother, who brought you hither ?
We shall rejoyce to have you at our wedding,
And see this reconcilment.

Vrin. I Madam, I, under pretence to have attempted his wife, but I sent him in to Mrs. *Mixum*, who I knew would fit his turne.

Mrs. Mix. And so I could have fitted him as well as another woman. *Scon.* Brother *Urinall* you are a knave, brother *Vrinall*, and have shewd all a cozening touch.

Vrin. No sir I sav'd you from being cozend, my sister shall have some portion, here's a hundred pieces in this purse.

Scon. Sinke me my Jo, my owne purse.

Vrin. It is indeed Sir, I got it from your Twibill brothers, and this your watch too, and your cloths which Mr. *Popingay* wears, by locking them into a roome, and threatning punishment, if they denied, the blades shall now resume freedome, this key will let them out, come forth gentlemen, here is your brother Master *Sconce*.

Enter the Twibill Knights.

Scon. Captaine generall, give thy hand bully, Captaine *Pirke*, my cosen *Pig*, and all of you ; though you would have cheated me tis no matter, you shall dance at my wedding, and be drunke too, my Joe, you shall.

Pirke. Confusion rot the bones of *Vrinall* perdition shall slay him;

Free. Madam I hope we shall keepe our nuptiall feast with Master Doctor.

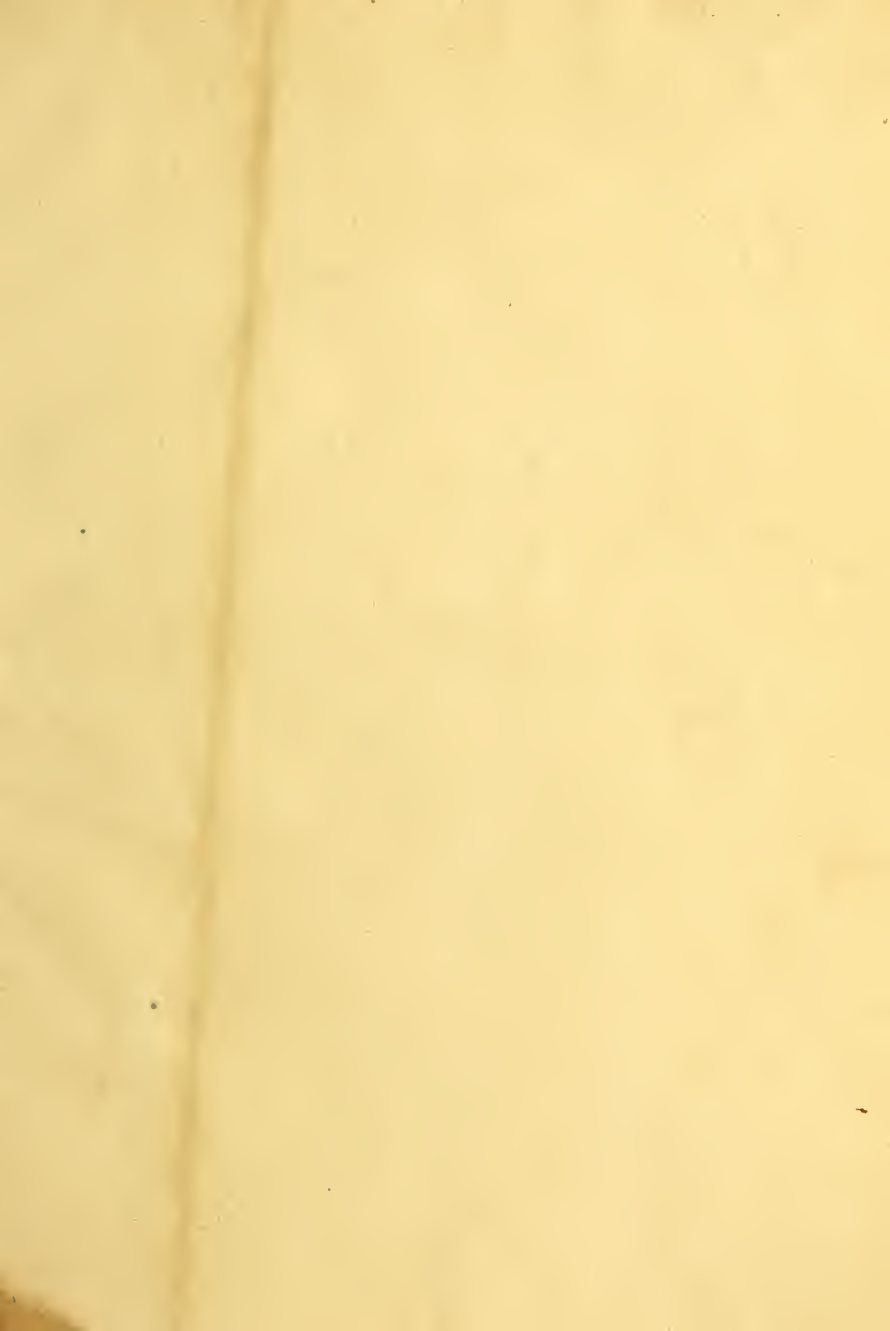
Know. As you dispose it sir, I have resign'd my will to yours.

Pop. Uncle I hope you'll pardon me, that I deceiv'd your expectation in watching my Aunt, she is too vertuous: father your blessing, and then we are happy.

Doct. Take it.

Thus all are pleas'd I hope: what this night cannot
(For celebration of these feasts) performe,
To morrow shall, and from this minate I
Renounce all waies sinister to get wealth.
Things that ith' period prosperously succeed,
Though cros'd before, are acted well indeed.

FINIS.





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